A SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER. By Horace White. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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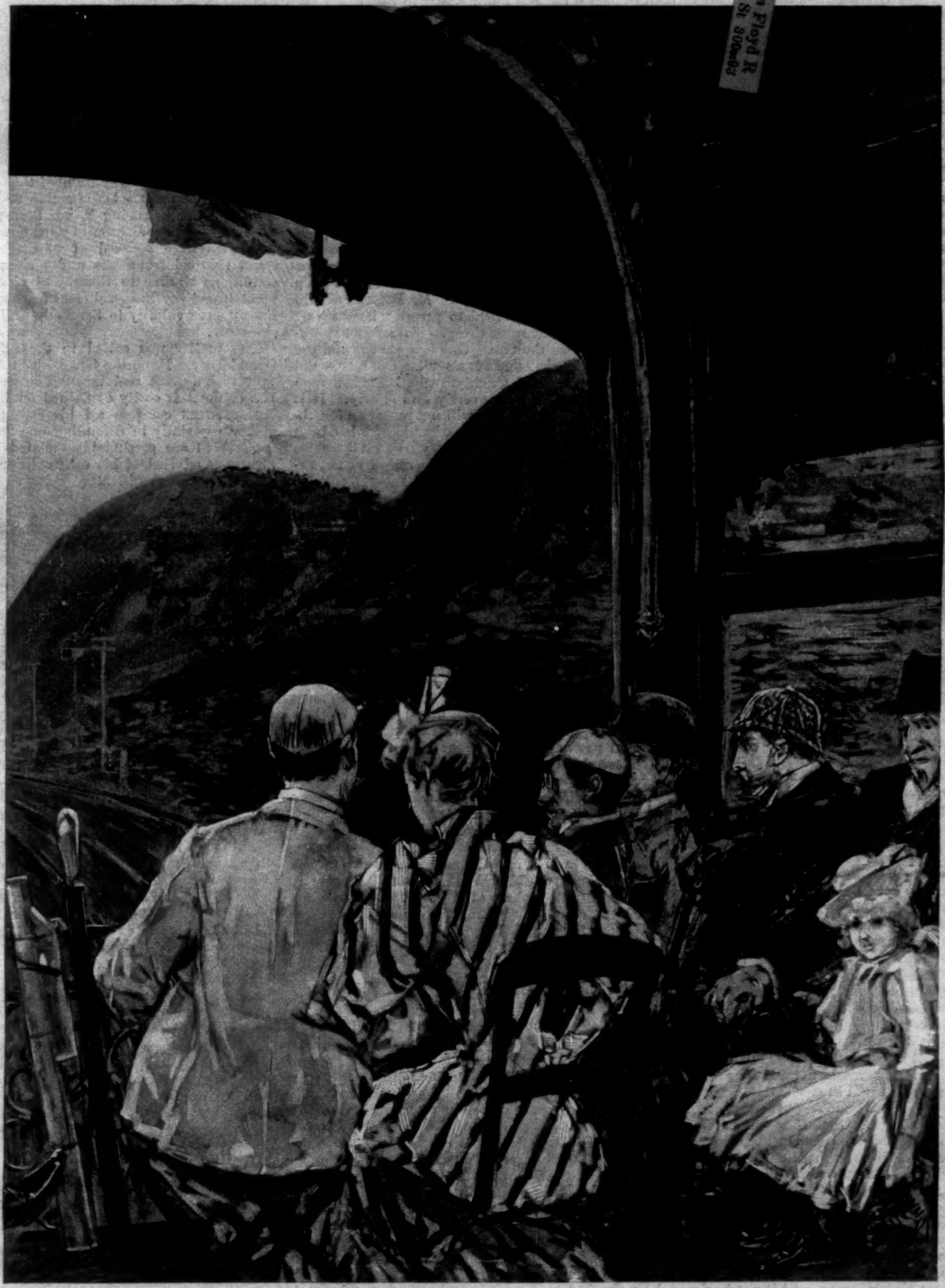

ON THE WAY TO CHICAGO—THE OBSERVATION CAR.—Drawn by Childe Hassam.

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POST-OFFICE SCANDALS.

SOME time ago the newly appointed postmaster at Terre Haute, Indiana—the home of Senator VOORHEES—virtually usurped the control of the post-office before he was entitled to it. He did this for the purpose of making a clean sweep of the employés and of putting his own creatures into their places just before the civil service rules, which were to go into effect there a day or two afterwards, would confine his appointments to those who had passed the civil service examinations and been put on the list of eligibles. It was manifest that he had resorted to his high-handed proceedings merely to "beat" the law. The Civil Service Commission investigated the case, and made its report to the President accordingly. It was hoped that the administration would promptly put the seal of its disapproval upon this audacious circumvention of the law by removing the perpetrator as a man who could and should not be trusted with the administration of public duty. He was not removed. Nothing is more natural than that he should have found imitators, and he has found plenty of them.

Substantially the same unblushing outrage was committed by newly appointed Democratic postmasters at Kansas City, Kansas; at Plattsburg, New York; at Bloomington, Quincy, and Galesburg, Illinois; at Columbus, Rome, and Atlanta, Georgia; at Little Rock, Arkansas; at Anderson, Indiana; and at Topeka, Kansas. In each instance advantage has been taken of the necessary delay in preparing examinations to make a clean sweep of the offices for partisan reasons. In each instance the spirit and purpose of the civil service law have been shamelessly violated. That the postmasters in those towns knowingly did a thing injurious to the efficiency of the service by removing experienced men and putting green hands in their places is a matter of course. In Bloomington the postmaster allowed his new appointees to pay the old employés who had just been removed $35 and $5 a day extra apiece to teach them their duties. The new postmaster at Topeka, not being permitted under the law to remove the letter-carriers by his own act, reported them to the Postmaster-General as inefficient and insubordinate, and thus secured their removal by the authorities at Washington. And then he told the removed letter-carriers himself that they had been displaced merely on account of their politics, and tried to coax them to remain for some time by the side of the new men who had been put in their places, to instruct them in what they had to do. The removed men very properly replied that if the service was injured by their removal they ought not to have been removed, and, moreover, that since they were no longer in the service of the government they were not permitted to handle the mail. The result is that the mail service in Topeka has become insupportably bad, that the department at Washington is pelted with indignant letters from the suffering community, and that a formal petition for relief has been sent on signed by a large number of citizens.

The Postmaster-General, Mr. BISSELL, has always been regarded by those who knew him as an honorable man. He has passed even for a civil service reformer. He must permit us to say to him that if he suffers such outrages to be perpetrated with impunity under his very eyes, he having the power in his hands to redress them, his official conduct is utterly incompatible with the fair reputation he has so far enjoyed. We are informed that in some important respects the postal department is better managed by Mr. BISSELL than it was by Mr. WANAMAKER. But we venture to predict to Mr. BISSELL that if the looseness of discipline which reveals itself in these occurrences goes on increasing during his administration, as it will unless checked with energy and firmness, he will at the end of his official career hardly appear as an improvement upon his predecessor, nor perhaps even his equal in merit. Mr. BISSELL is already on the verge of losing one point of advantage in the comparison. At the beginning of President HARRISON'S administration the railway mail service was to pass under the civil service rules. Just before it did so pass Mr. WANAMAKER permitted it to be ravaged by Republican politicians for spoils purposes. The outcry in the Democratic press about this act of foul play was loud and just. At the beginning of Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration certain post-offices are to pass under the civil service rules. If, just before they do so pass, Mr. BISSELL permits them to be ravaged by Democratic spoilsmen, will it not be perfectly fair to conclude that he would also have permitted the railway mail service to be ravaged had he been in Mr. WANAMAKER'S place?

According to credible report, the Postmaster-General declares that the postmasters are held to obey the law, and that this is as much as can be asked. What we complain of is that the postmasters who did the things here discussed, flagrantly, almost ostentatiously, *circumvented* the law; that the one at Topeka, by falsely reporting the letter-carriers as inefficient and insubordinate, and thus inducing the Postmaster-General to remove them, made Mr. BISSELL himself a direct accessory in his offence. If Mr. BISSELL permits himself thus to be used by postmasters under him he must not expect us to believe that he makes them obey the law. On the contrary, he educates his subordinates in contempt for the law. He teaches them that they may defeat the spirit and purpose of the law if they only keep just within its letter, and that he will call this obeying the law. He teaches them that they may by false reports cheat him, even himself, into participation in a circumvention of the law, and he will find it convenient to accept the false reports as true, and call this obeying the law. He gives them to understand that as to the observance of laws he is an easy man to deal with, and finding that in this case they could defraud the law with impunity, they will feel themselves encouraged in taking further liberties with the law of even a more serious nature. The Postmaster-General must have noticed what a numerous offspring the unpunished outrage at Terre Haute has had. We earnestly warn him that unless he with a strong hand sets right these glaring wrongs, his weakness will undermine the morals of the service in a way calculated to result in a lasting disgrace to the administration of which he is a member.

We must call Mr. BISSELL'S attention also to the fact that he is losing his point of advantage with Mr. WANAMAKER in the matter of the fourth-class postmasters. The Democrats made much capital out of the proceedings of "headsman" CLARKSON, whom Mr. WANAMAKER permitted to make a clean sweep of the fourth-class postmasters. Mr. BISSELL should know that he is understood to permit "headsman" MAXWELL to do the same thing. There are two differences between the two. One is apparent and the other real. Mr. WANAMAKER'S man CLARKSON did the work openly and quickly. Mr. BISSELL'S man MAXWELL has to do it covertly and slowly. It is given out that Mr. BISSELL will not remove a fourth-class postmaster without "cause" unless he has been four years in office. While every true civil service reformer seeks to bring about the repeal of the demoralizing four-years'-term law, Mr. BISSELL extends the principle of that law to sixty thousand postmasters whose places were formerly not touched by it. He knows that if every postmaster having been in office four years is removed and another man put in his place there will have been a clean sweep before the end of this administration. He knows also that if he permits Mr. MAXWELL to go on at the present rate of removals the clean sweep will be accomplished some time before Mr. CLEVELAND goes out of office. More than a clean sweep Mr. WANAMAKER would not accomplish were he in Mr. BISSELL'S place. If Mr. BISSELL does accomplish it he will have done as much for the perpetuation of the spoils system as Mr. WANAMAKER could have done; for this clean sweep will provoke another with the next change of party in power. The difference between doing the evil slowly or quickly, the result being the same, is therefore only an apparent one.

The real difference is that Mr. BISSELL professes to be a reformer, which Mr. WANAMAKER did not. If now Mr. BISSELL follows essentially the same policy that Mr. WANAMAKER followed, he sins against the light that is in him, and the advantage will morally be altogether with Mr. WANAMAKER. As sincere friends and well-wishers of Mr. BISSELL we ask him soberly to consider whether he desires to stand in that position in the history of his country. If not, he cannot too promptly rectify his course.

TWEEDISM IN BROOKLYN.

WHEN Mr. BOODY was elected Mayor of Brooklyn, his choice was recognized as "Boss" MCLAUGHLIN'S tribute to virtue, for very few of his fellow-citizens bore a fairer reputation than Mr. BOODY. Men with memories, however, wondered if the CHAPIN episode were to be repeated. Mr. CHAPIN also went into office with an excellent reputation in the discharge of his duties as Speaker of the Assembly and as Comptroller of the State. It was not long, however, before it was discovered that Mr. CHAPIN was under the control of MCLAUGHLIN and the ring that for years has made the government of Brooklyn a by-word and reproach. It was probably Mr. CHAPIN'S conduct in connection with the purchase of the Long Island Water Company's property that compelled the nomination of a man of Mr. BOODY'S standing as Mr. CHAPIN'S successor. Mr. BOODY had already demonstrated his popularity, having been chosen to Congress by an increased majority in his district, his selection being hailed by the press as a recognition of merit.

It is to be regretted that Mayor BOODY has not kept the promise of his reputation. He has not lived up to his opportunity. On the contrary, he seems to be an illustration of the strange power possessed by HUGH MCLAUGHLIN, which is even greater in King's County than CROKER'S power in Tammany Hall—greater than the power of any man in the history of American politics except that of TWEED in the palmiest days of that distinguished public plunderer. In some respects MCLAUGHLIN'S power is even greater than TWEED'S, for there is not that ostentatious vulgarity about it which marked an inherent weakness in the rule of the old New York "boss," and is beginning to display itself in the daily life of his present successor.

MCLAUGHLIN holds the Democratic party of King's County in the hollow of his hand. No one of his followers and creatures thinks of disputing or of disobeying his mandates. His control of the Assemblymen and State Senators from King's County is as absolute as his control of the Mayor, the Aldermen, and the Supervisors. Last winter these Democratic legislators voted for EDWARD MURPHY, Jun., for United States Senator, and for Mr. SULZER for Speaker, and it is commonly believed that their votes were given under a bargain of MCLAUGHLIN with Tammany and the State machine by which Brooklyn members controlled the committees having jurisdiction of the subjects in which the Brooklyn ring was especially interested. So complete was this man's control of the last Legislature that his party followers were able to secure the passage of an act relieving them from the consequences of a breach of the law.

The most recent exhibition of this extraordinary and dangerous power is the action of District-Attorney RIDGWAY in saving Mayor BOODY and thirteen Aldermen from indictment by the Grand Jury. The Aldermen were accused of parting with valuable street railroad franchises under circumstances and conditions similar to those that characterized the great Broadway Railroad steal in this city. Mayor BOODY gave validity to these doubtful grants by his signature.

The matter was called to the attention of the Grand Jury. From the first District-Attorney RIDGWAY took a great and unusual interest in the case. His conduct is easily explained on the theory that MCLAUGHLIN compels all his creatures to act together, especially in defending one another's public acts, which are presumably dictated by him. Mr. RIDGWAY advised, of his own volition, that the law gave to police magistrates exclusive original jurisdiction of misdemeanors. It was of misdemeanors that the Brooklyn officials were accused, and therefore the interpretation of the District Attorney held in effect that Mayor BOODY and the Aldermen could only be tried before other creatures of the MCLAUGHLIN ring.

It was extraordinary conduct on Mr. RIDGWAY'S part, and suggests a discreditable motive. He need not have given this advice in any event. To the courts might have been left the task of making the ruling. Moreover, the correctness of his interpretation is questioned by high judicial and legal authority. The law which seems to have been passed for the protection of corrupt King's County officials is similar to a law upon which TWEED'S counsel relied. That law gave to the Special Sessions of this city exclusive original jurisdiction in misdemeanor cases. But Judge DAVIS held that this statute did not prevent the Grand Jury from indicting for misdemeanor, and this decision has not been reversed or overruled.

Although the District Attorney's advice saved Mr. BOODY and the Aldermen from indictment, the Grand Jury censured them, and would have indicted if it had not been for RIDGWAY'S advice.

Mayor BOODY has asked that the minutes of the Grand Jury be published. This is not the effective way to establish innocence. Mayor BOODY should demand a trial. It is charged that he seeks to attack the secrecy of the Grand Jury room in order to deter witnesses from giving information against corrupt officials. Whether this is true or not does not matter. Its truth would not add a feather's weight to the load of shame which Brooklyn is carrying. Tweedism without its magnificent debauchery, without its vulgar diamond-bestudded display of vice and wealth, but with all its effrontery and its contempt for law and decent public sentiment, reigns in Brooklyn.

THE REVOLT IN PARIS.

THE recent revolt in Paris is a fresh illustration of the stability of the republic. The uprising of the Parisian mob has frequently furnished the occasion for the enemies of the government to incite the whole country to revolution. It was so in the time of the first NAPOLEON, and so in the times of LOUIS PHILIPPE and of NAPOLEON III. Whenever the French government has been weak, any rioting in the streets of Paris resulted almost invariably in its overturn.

There is no doubt of the weakness of the French government at the present time; but it is the administration and not the republic that is weak. There are plenty of enemies of the republic in France. They are so numerous that they elect considerable numbers of Deputies of various shades of disloyalty. Legitimatism and Bonapartism have so many and such influential advocates and adherents that hostility to the established form of government is not considered treasonable, and even if it were taken with arms in its hands it might not be prudent to inflict the death-penalty. Yet these enemies of the republic have not been able to take advantage of two occasions, either of which a century ago would have been an opportunity, which have been offered to their enmity within the last twelve months.

The first was the Panama scandal, in which some of the most prominent republicans of France were implicated. The conservatives and the radicals of all schools did their utmost to make this the occasion of inciting a revolution against not only CARNOT and the cabinet, against the most honored advocates of popular government, but against the form of government which they illogically and forgetfully charged was the fountain of such corruption.

It was noticed then by observers of French character and students of French history that the army remained quiescent. In other words, the army itself, which since the terrible lesson of the German war has ceased to be a disturbing element in politics, and has become a military machine, remained loyal to the republic. This was disheartening, for in order to overturn the government through a crisis the assistance of the army is needful.

To those who insisted that it was an important bit of testimony that the republic had not been shaken by the Panama scandal, the answer was that it was only an evidence that the people had not been aroused. But now the people have been aroused, if by people is meant, as is usually the case, the mob of Paris. The students have been insulted, and they in turn have insulted and driven from office an odious Prefect of Police. They have also insulted members of the government and Senators, and, while the cause of their outbreak was ridiculous, they were joined by the lawless elements of the capital, and made the Place de la République unpleasant and dangerous. The police were powerless, and the cavalry was called out—the dreadful cavalry that has trampled so many rioters under its feet, or joined with them, according to its mood. But the troops did not join the mob this time, and although the enemies of the republic were quite willing, they did not see their opportunity to take advantage of the rioting. Nothing yet has happened which can change the belief that the republic is an established institution in France.

A SUBMARINE INVENTION.

THE idea of a submarine boat has always fascinated the inventor almost as much as that of perpetual motion or of automatic freight-car couplings. But its practical realization has never been accomplished; the swimming water-fowl, rather than the fish, has remained the living prototype of navigable vessels. A year or so ago one baffled inventor, tired of following the fish *ignis fatuus*, determined that there was, after all, enough in the duck idea if properly developed. He therefore announced the invention of a war-boat on the "whaleback" plan which could dive and remain submerged for a minute or two, precisely in the manner of the ingenious duck, and while under water peck a hole in the bottom of the enemy with its powerful iron beak. A light-minded writer at that time frivolously suggested that the intelligent inventor had not followed his duck idea far enough—that he ought to provide his boat with wings, so that, being caught in shallow water by a superior force, it could rise up and fly away, uttering loud and defiant quacks on a steam quacker. But nothing ever came of it, and we never heard anything more of the armored duck.

But another submarine inventor now comes forward, and with a new idea. He shows wisdom in his selection of a season to press his notion. The dark unfathomed depths of ocean must be cool, and anything that is cool is welcome. Even the shallow and utterly unnavigable mint-julep now receives— But to return to the new craft. This inventor, for some reason, shrouds his identity, and allows only a description of his boat to be made public. It appears that it was brought to light by certain recent advertisements of the government for submarine craft. He boldly casts away all former notions on the subject, and strikes out on lines so new as to be almost startling. His idea is nothing more nor less than to put his boat on wheels and run it on the bottom of the ocean. Whether, when he gets under the enemy, he intends to rise in some way, or to shoot surfaceward with cannons sitting up straight like smoke-stacks, or to liberate cork-covered torpedoes like balloons, we know not, but we do know that the notion of a boat on wheels galloping about on the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, with the captain peering through a skylight for flocks of ships, appeals to us strongly, and we hope to see the plan tried.

On the whole, too, we are rather impressed with its feasibility, though there are undoubtedly problems still to be solved in connection with it. There is, for instance, the question of roads. Nobody knows what is the condition of the submarine roads. We presume they are not dusty, but they may be muddy. The climate must be damp, to say the least. We do not know who attends to the submarine roads. If the mermen "work out" their road tax in the way that the landmen do, the prospect for good travelling is poor. Twelve or thirteen mermen cannot sit around on the rocks half a day and lie about how they can chop cord-wood or drive balky horses or husk corn and improve their roads, any more than can a like number of farmer-men similarly employed for the same length of time help the state of *their* thoroughfares. We are also in the dark as to how the new craft is to be propelled. Our own ideas would be Fifth Avenue stage-horses in diving-suits, but we lay no special claim to expert knowledge in submarine coaching. A good pointer-dog at the skylight might perhaps see a war-ship as soon as anybody. He could be taught to bark when he sighted the enemy, and the captain of the submarine boat could hide behind a rock and get his guns up on end. Perhaps divers—or, rather, risers—could be sent up to fix torpedoes to the bottoms of the ships. Or a good stout cable might be attached, and the other end fastened to a large rock The consternation of the commander of a big battle-ship who suddenly found himself tethered in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, like a goat on a vacant lot, and heard the mocking submarine laugh of the driver of a four-in-hand cruiser coming up out of the depths, would be something painful to see. We are apparently on the eve of a great revolution in naval architecture With pneumatic tires on our war-ships, unless we find the track altogether too heavy, foreign nations would do well to keep their flimsy surface craft in dry-dock.

THE BOY AND THE CAT-BOAT

THE fond parent who objects to his boy's becoming acquainted with the water is disappearing. At least we do not hear about him as often as we used to, and we hear a good deal of the boy who goes sailing on the river or pond in a cat-boat. It may be an attribute of age not to hear of mothers who spend anxious hours while they are in the country, where they should be enjoying themselves, lest their offspring should be guilty of the turpitude of natation. At any rate, that brief chronicler of the times the funny paragrapher is jesting less and less year by year about the mother who detects her wayward child by his wet hair, and subsequently tries to teach him that the water is bad for growing youth.

Time was in this old town when the average boy wore tassels on his cap and walked abroad holding the hand of an over-careful parent. Then cigarette-smoking was looked upon as a sure precurser of intemperance, and the boy was taught to regard his vices as manly because their practice was rebellion. Fathers and mothers are more sensible than they were, much to the advantage of the youngsters.

Every father who lives in the vicinity of navigable water, and who can afford it, ought to give his boy a cat-boat, or at least a sailing-canoe. That is, of course, assuming that the boy has a healthy body and a mind that works with ordinary accuracy and coolness. If he cannot afford to buy a boat for the boy, he ought to seek out opportunities for him to learn to sail in other boys' boats. To neglect this is to neglect one of the best of the means of youthful education. The mastery of a cat-boat improves every faculty of the boy. It makes him strong of body, alert of mind, cool in danger, thoughtful of the rights of others, self-respectful and firm in maintaining his own rights, for no boy can sail a cat-boat without racing with another boy's cat-boat, and when he races he must obey the law of right of way, and he must insist on every advantage that is rightly his His reasoning faculty, too, is more largely developed than in any other game except that of football, which a cat-boat finely supplements, the football field enabling the boy to measure himself against contending human intelligence, while the cat-boat enables him to contend against the invisible elements of inanimate nature.

"But accidents occur with cat-boats!" So they do, and so they do with horses, bicycles, row-boats, balls, bats, dogs, and the sportive game of tag. Will you have your boy a "muff" or a "sissy"? Accidents do happen in cat-boats, and sometimes they are fatal, but how many fatal accidents have happened to boys who have been properly taught to handle their cat-boats? Not many. The usual cat-boat accidents happen to the full-grown ignoramus, who, not knowing a sheet from a sail, fills his boat with other ignoramuses, and reaps the consequences.

Such accidents as these are not to be taken into account. Notwithstanding them, it is true that if you would make a real man of your boy, he should be taught to sail a boat.

THINGS·TALKED·OF

IT is not surprising that the hotter-headed men in the silver-mining States should talk of "boycotting" the rest of the Union unless they can have their own way in Federal legislation. They are only trying, probably for the last time, the tactics that have perfectly served their purpose for more than half the lifetime of a generation. The silver laws of the United States, extremely hazardous as they have been, illogical and inconsistent, have been so largely extorted from Congress by threats that it is no exaggeration to say that without these threats they never would have been passed. We like to think that ours is a government of the majority, but it is often government by a very small minority, which, standing between two parties of nearly equal strength, dictates the policy of one and largely influences that of the other. That was what was done by the silver men previous to the Bland-Allison act of 1878, and has been largely done by them ever since. The silver legislation has never been fairly before the people, and the principle on which it proceeded has never been approved by a popular vote. It has been the outcome of party manœuvres in Congress, and especially in the Senate, where the disproportionate representation of the small States has given the silver faction very great power. The law of 1890 was passed not, as some of its advocates now claim, to avoid free coinage, but to avoid the necessity of a veto by Mr. Harrison of a free-coinage act, which that veto would unquestionably have killed. One plain lesson from this history is worth noting and enforcing. The cowardice of 1890 was wretchedly poor politics. Had a free-coinage bill been passed in that year, it would have had a large majority of Democratic votes, the party would have been committed to it, Mr Cleveland could not have been the party candidate in 1892, and the President who vetoed the act would, in all human probability, have been triumphantly re-elected. That shows that unflinching courage and reliance on the good sense of the people are the safest qualities with which to meet the present situation.

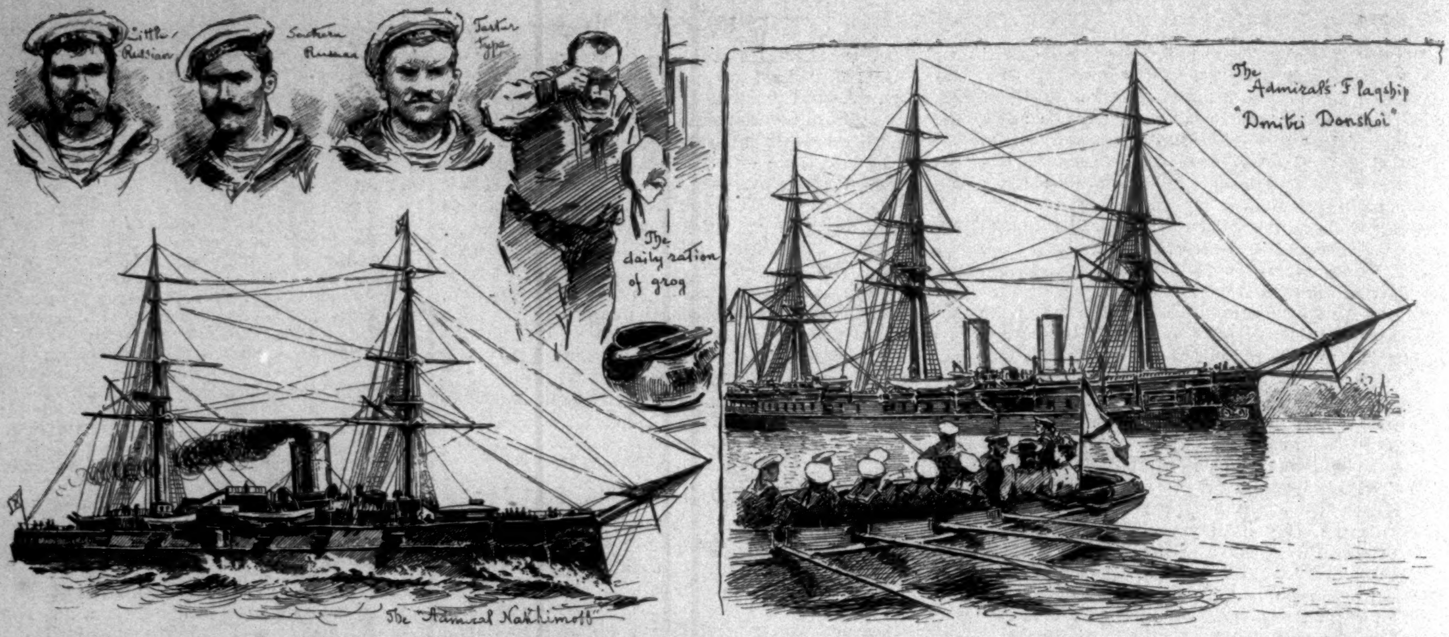
The arrival has been announced of a young French newspaper writer, M. George Grandin, who proposes to "tramp" from New York to Chicago. When we say "tramp," we do not mean merely to walk, but to make the journey not only on foot, but penniless, in the rôle of an amateur beggar. Doubtless M. Grandin, if he carry out his project *au pied de la lettre*, will get chances to note a great deal that he would not otherwise see; but he will have only a dim and inadequate idea of what the life of a real American tramp is. He might have come nearer to it had he preserved his incognito inviolate from the start, for he would not have made the journey, had he made it at all, in full light of the publicity which now his *confrères* of the press must inevitably shed on his path. But even then he could not have sounded the depths of a tramp's experience, which is determined not by an intelligent temporary resolution not to work, but by an inherent invincible aversion to work under any and all circumstances. Moreover, M. Grandin will have a specific destination in view, and, what is still more irreconcilable with the tramp nature, a definite object. He may, by the use of a lively imagination, figure to himself something of the spirit of the class in which for a time he enrolls himself, but he could have done that though he paid his way and made provision for his bodily comfort. He might as well have started for Palestine with only scrip and staff with the intent to obtain the experience of a mediæval pilgrim—see Thoreau on the origin of "saunter," in *Sainte Terre*—as to think that he, presumably a Parisian *du dernier bateau*, can realize the life of that inscrutable creature an American tramp, by trying to go dead-head and on foot from New York to Chicago.

It is possible that if the Hebrew Scriptures had been written by women, it would have been Adam and not Eve who was known to their posterity as the original rebel against authority, and Eve would have been reported as warning him, and laying up an evident justification for an eternal "I told you so." But whether Eve really started them wrong or not, there is a marked tendency in the female sex to disobey general and public rules. There are two rules posted in all the street cars in all large cities of this country, one forbidding passengers to get off before the car stops, the other requiring them to get off on the side nearest the walk. They are both needful rules, and both are made particularly for women. But it is only rarely, and then by more or less show of force, that women are induced to obey either one of them, and they always by look or voice resent their enforcement. We wonder why. Of course men disobey the rules also, but with far less risk, and generally accept a conductor's restraints or warnings good-naturedly. Here is a problem in psychology which we commend to the study of the summer schools of philosophy. When they discover the cause of the phenomenon any trade union of street railway employés will give a handsome reward for an effective remedy.

The Australian panic, as we have taken occasion to point out heretofore, has unquestionably been a collapse of credit due to over-speculation in land, followed by the fall of the banks which had made the largest advances, and this, in its turn, by a panic among the bank depositors. An extremely well informed observer, in a personal letter from the capital of Victoria, writes: "Melbourne is just now in the position of a city whose supplies of food are almost all locked up in the citadel, with the doors fastened on the inside, and the doorkeepers afraid to open until they get the password, which none of us can remember." But with the great resources of the continent it will undoubtedly recover, if the government can restrain themselves from "monkeying—the term may be slang, but it is very expressive—with the currency, which, unfortunately, they show some disposition to do. If the cry for "more money" is listened to, and doubt be justified as to the future value of the debt-paying medium, the recovery will be much slower and more uncertain.

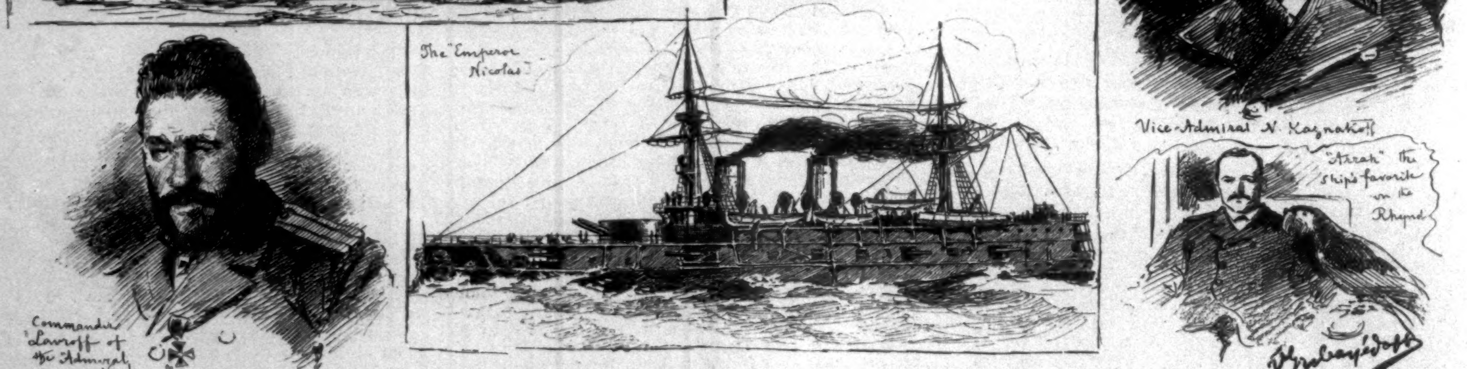
According to the Secretary of the Excise Reform Association there is reason to think that an active effort to secure a genuine high-license law for the cities of the State from the Legislature of 1894 might be successful. The experience of other States—Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa—affords increasing evidence that the system works extremely well; that it checks the extension of the retail liquor trade—of the kind that does most harm, and among the classes most harmed by it; while it returns more money to the treasury of the cities, it improves the character of the trade. The association expects to receive before long a report from London made by a gentleman who spent the whole of last winter studying the workings of the high-license laws wherever they are in force in this country. We trust that the report will be widely published. If the investigator be a sensible man, there is no doubt as to the general judgment he has formed of the relative merits of high license and low license, but he ought to be able to throw valuable light on the details of the system. Meanwhile the Excise Reform Association is doing excellent work—painstaking, unpartisan, and practical. Its office is 90 Walker Street.

The Secretary of the Treasury has appointed as Chief of the Bureau of Statistics Mr. Worthington C. Ford, of Brooklyn, who during Mr Cleveland's first term had charge of the consular reports made through the State Department. The acceptance of such a post by Mr. Ford, who is the possessor of an ample private fortune, is a notable instance of public spirit and honorable ambition. Though still a young man, Mr. Ford enjoys a high reputation as a student of economics and a writer thereon. With a very clear mind he has the patience, the analytic and synthetic faculties, and above all the scrupulous fidelity and candor, which are necessary to fruitful work in a statistician. Could we hope that the conditions of our civil service would permit it, we should expect to see Mr. Ford make of the Bureau of Statistics a department of constantly increasing value, such as our government sorely needs. As it is, four years of skilful and intelligent work may do much, and it is a cause for sincere satisfaction that a man of such rare attainments and so high character has been found willing to undertake the task.

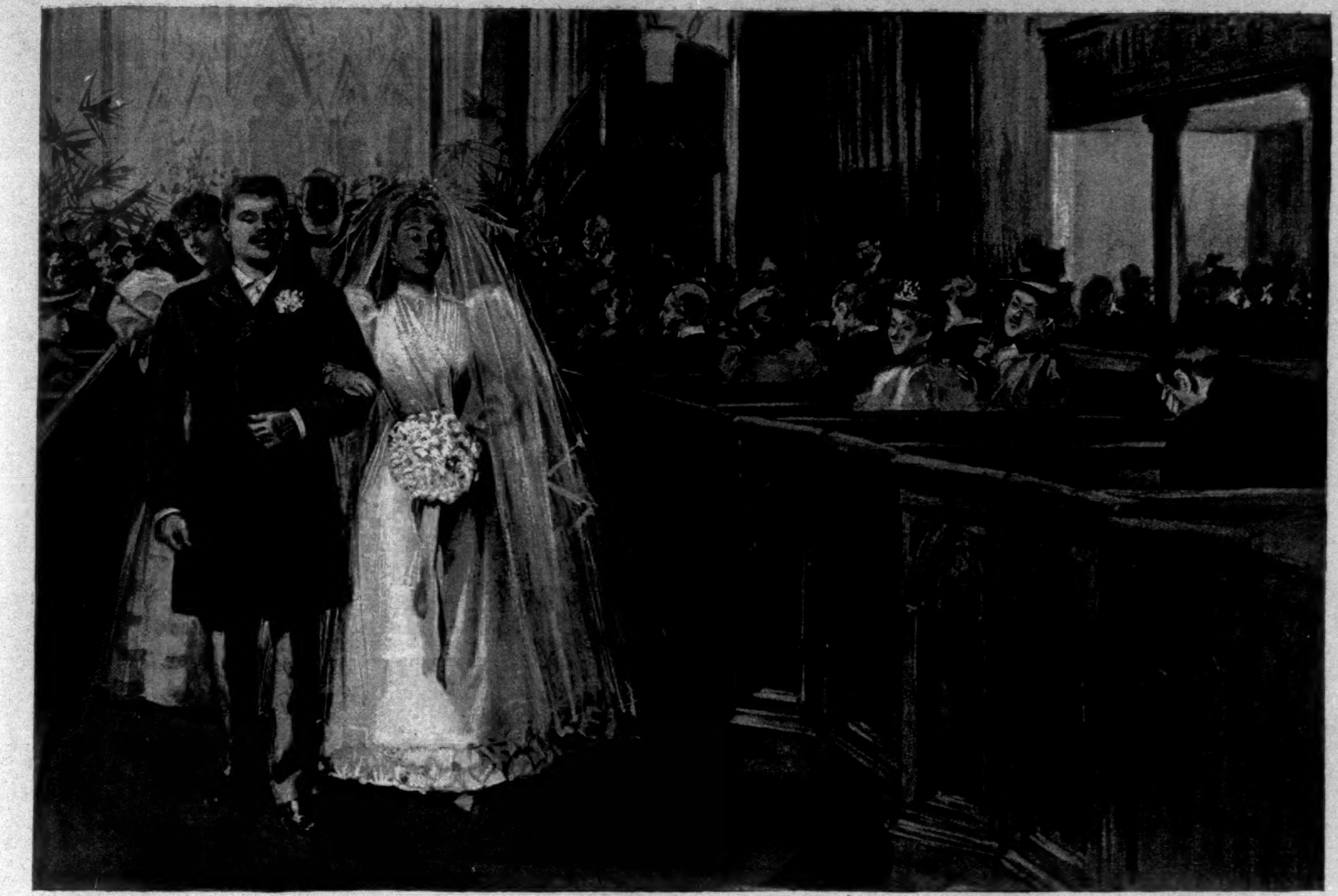

Little Russian
Southern Russian
Tartar type
The daily ration of grog
The "Admiral Nakhimoff"
The Admiral's Flagship "Dmitri Donskoi"

Lieutenant Khiriakoff. Capt. Krueger (*Rhynda*). Capt. N. Zelennoy (*Dmitri Donskoi*). Lieut. Alexander Boutakoff.

Lieutenant Shishkin. Lieutenant Apostoly. The Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch.


The "Rhynda"
The daily inspection
Vice-Admiral N. Kaznakoff
Commander Lavroff of the Admiral Nachimoff
The "Emperor Nicolas"
"Arrah" the ship's favorite on the Rhynda
Gribayédoff

OUR RUSSIAN VISITORS.—[See Page 703.]
From a Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, and Drawings by V. Gribayédoff.



THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

XV.

AFTER Brainard's withdrawal Abbie and Ogden sat for some time in silence. The moon sank; the clatter of hoofs on the asphalt sounded less frequently; some of the neighbors over the way had pulled in their rugs, and were now seen, by new-lighted gas-jets, at upper windows pulling down their shades. The breeze freshened; it rustled the lilacs and syringas in the side yard, and it swayed the stringy mass of wild-cucumbers that had taken it upon themselves to hide the red hideousness of the barn.

Suddenly Ogden spoke. "There! I knew I should forget it, and I have. I laid it on my bureau the last thing, too!"

"What?"

"Why—*A False Start*. You haven't wanted it, have you?"

"No; keep it if you like. I've read it."

She meant: "Keep it; please do. Keep it, for my sake."

"It's a pretty good book; didn't you think so?" he asked.

"Yes; I liked it ever so much. He married the right one, after all, didn't he?"

"Might have done it before," Ogden commented. "No earthly reason why not. Only you know how they spin these things out."

There was a sudden shutting down of windows over their heads. Ogden drew out his watch, and turned it so as to profit by the lamp-post on the corner. "Why, I'd no idea!" Burt and Cornelia had not returned from the park, or, if so, had passed on the other side of the street. "Good-night."

"It isn't late, is it?"

"Only for a North-Sider."

"Good-night," she said, slowly, and sat alone on the steps until her father came down and called her in.

On the 1st of July Brainard summoned George into his own private room.

"We have about decided to have an assistant cashier here," he said. His voice was gruff, but his glance was a little sheepish. "Mr. Fairchild thinks it will be convenient about signatures and a good many other things. Burt's out a good deal, and likely to be off all through August, and I don't like to have drafts signed in advance. You could make up the reports, too, and swear to 'em. Besides, it's elective—puts you in the Bankers' Almanac, for one thing. As to salary, I suppose we could stand an extra five hundred—or six."

He looked at George with some constraint, but his intention appeared to be friendly.

"We might expect you to go on helping with the tellers' work on occasion—vacation-time, for instance. Now, about your own vacation—"

George bowed with an additional acknowledgment of the favor: he had expected to pass an unbroken summer in town.

"Thursday's the Fourth. Put five or six days with it, if you like—to get accustomed to the new deal."

He turned to his desk. "That's all right; talk to Fairchild." It seemed that anything beyond the merest word of thanks would be distasteful, and George withdrew.

He accepted his elevation and his vacation with unfeigned pleasure; he attributed his advance to the old man's softened mood occasioned by his son's engagement to Cornelia McNabb. Burt, a few mornings back, had told his father, plainly and promptly, that it was his intention to marry Cornelia—and soon. He had prepared himself for remonstrance—even for opposition, and he had braced himself to demonstrate to his father that he was going to have his own way. The old man, however, made no difficulties; Cornelia had certain qualities that he appreciated, and he knew that Burt had a strong and a strengthening will. Besides, a son-in-law was one thing, and a daughter-in-law another. A daughter's husband must come as an ally, offensive and defensive; he must contribute money, and if not money, then abilities. There must be abilities in actual exercise, or there must be the certain promise of their development in the pursuit of some such career as would be recognized and endorsed by business men of his own sort. That ten-dollar-a-week man—that anthem-singer! His fist clinched and his eye glared at the very thought of him. But a son's wife could be moulded—if not moulded, then coerced. There was to be no breaking away from two such wills as his and Burt's. He liked vim; he recognized snap; he was prepared to welcome Cornelia as a vital force.

"Oconomowoc," murmured George to himself. He was bending over his bureau drawer, sorting out his collars. The gas-flame reflected itself in the mirror and threw a doubled glare upon his face.

"Eh!" said Brower, sitting cross-legged on his trunk. He laid the book down across two of the top slats; it was *David Grieve*—he read everything.

They were still in the Rush Street house. Mrs. Ogden had a room on the floor below.

"Did I speak?" asked George.

"You said—Oconomowoc. Is that where you are going?"

"Queer name, isn't it? What's the place like?"

"If you've got a chance to go there, you go." The oracle spoke and retired into his book.

George went. The train made its rapid run up to Milwaukee, took its short stop, and turned westward on its way towards La Crosse. At Pewaukee there was the usual halt; it lengthened to an unusual halt. George paced the long platform impatiently; his mind had projected itself through Nagowicka and Nashotah and Okauchee to Oconomowoc, and his body was eager to follow.

"What's the trouble?" he asked the brakeman.

"St. Paul express late—passes us here."

The platform was swarming with passengers and townspeople. A figure rushed through the crowd and grasped George by the hand.

"So you're gallivanting too? And I'll bet a nickel you've been aboard all the way up—parlor-car. Now haven't you?" The voice sounded a trumpet note of wide-flung triumph. It was Cornelia's.

Her cheeks blazed and her eyes burned with the magnificence of conscious conquest. Her glory spread about her the same succession of flowing circles that a stone spreads over a pond. It seemed as if her expansiveness must crowd the train from its track and the station from its foundations.

"Ma," she called back into the crowd, "come here—do! I want you to meet Mr. Ogden. He's one of my most particular friends; but I guess you don't need to be told that—you've heard enough about him. Mr. Ogden, this is my mother, and she's about the best mother that ever lived."

Mrs. McNabb smiled bravely and took Ogden's slender palm in her large, capable grasp. She wore a sedate black bonnet; her gray hair was parted in the middle and fell right and left in two wide, crinkly folds.

"And I want pa to come too; no dodging." An elderly man came forward reluctantly, in his loose, short trousers and his thick boots with broad, square toes; he seemed to find Ogden, in his modified tourist guise, a disconcerting object. He lifted up his shrewd but retiring eyes, placing one embarrassed hand on his grizzled chin whiskers and giving George the other; it was rough, and the nails were broken.

George shook hands with the old fellow—who went well enough with other features of the Wisconsin landscape: the shaggy tamarack swamps, the gashed sides of gravelly "hog-backs," the long stretches of disordered barbed-wire fences, the rusty reds of depots and storehouses, and the marshy ponds, edged by the ragged scantlings of gigantic ice-houses.

Cornelia did not perceive this harmony—or ignored it.

"Yes," she declared, "ma's the best ma, and pa ain't far behind. Now don't shy, pa; Mr. Ogden is more scary than you are. He'd been trying for near three months to ask me to go to the theatre with him, when along came Burt and plumped out and asked me inside of a week. Burt's enterprising; no mistake."

The old people smiled at each other, half embarrassed by Cornelia's frankness.

"But we won't shut out George—oh dear! I mean Mr. Ogden—altogether. Bear witness, both of you: I ask him to be one of my ushers."

George stared. Was the girl meaning to be married in church after—everything? Then he bowed. "On Abbie's account—if at all," he thought.

"Going to Coonie for the Fourth, I suppose?" Cornelia continued.

"Coonie?"

"Oh, well—'Con'm'woc, if you must have it all. Well, we're on the move too. Good-by. But"—meaningly—"you'll find us all again in town pretty soon; and if pa and ma don't see the whole place from the tip-top of the Clifton, my name is McMudd. On a clear day, too—when you can tell where the smoke ends and the land begins. Good-by. Our house is on the right, a mile farther; watch out for it."

Oconomowoc, from Ogden's point of view, appeared as one wide street running between two small lakes that were only a few hundred feet asunder. The business part of the street was built neatly and compactly of the cream-colored brick of Milwaukee, and the rest of it was a thickly shaded stretch bordered with a double string of summer cottages, which fronted on the street and backed on the water. In the midst of the cottages stood a big hotel of yellow brick; it was faced with a lofty row of seven immense white columns, and above the maples before it there rose a steep roof set with a series of dormer-windows. George was given a room which one of these dormers lighted, and presently stepped down the street to inquire at one of the cottages for Jessie Bradley. He soon stepped back again: she was not expected for two days yet. He thanked Brainard again for his full week, and threw himself into one of the chairs under the big colonnade.

The town was at the beginning of its annual patriotic flurry; after the Fourth it settles down, and the real season begins a week or two later. A good many young people were scurrying about, many of them in aquatic attire; those who did not carry rackets carried banjoes. Nobody noticed him except the young wife of the proprietor. She stood in the doorway; her black eyebrows were contracted in a study of him. She wore her raven hair in a Japanesque fashion, but she corrected the plump dumpiness of the Japanese maiden by a tall and slender grace of her own. "He's all right," she said to herself, and sank down in a chair beside him.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1902.

"You poor lonesome man," she began, with a graceful audacity that was her peculiar possession, "let me talk to you."

"Do," answered George, smilingly. He seemed to have known her a week.

"That is, if you're not just married or not just going to be. Are you?"

"N-no."

"We see so much of that sort of thing. May is dreadful; this year we had five couples in a week—it's so pleasant and quiet here then. The fifth was from Detroit; they staid quite awhile, and when they went away they thanked us all over. We hadn't done a thing for them—we simply left them alone and let them go about. But they were just chuck full of it—they'd have been in glory anywhere. What do you think of our columns?"

Two men could hardly have spanned their fluted shafts. George cast his eye up to their capitals, on a level with the third-story windows. "They're great."

"Aren't they? They've only been on two or three years. We call them the Seven Bridegrooms."

"The Seven Bridegrooms? Is each the gift of a happy man?"

"Not quite; one happy man gave them all. He was here a week; he gave us one every day. Think how happy he must have been."

She smiled at his inquiring glance.

"He wanted things his own way, and could afford it," she said. "His name was Ingles."

Ogden did some lounging up and down the street. He crossed a bridge where one lake fell into the other over a mill-dam, and found himself in another cluster of cottages. They stood on a bluff and looked down the three miles of the lower lake. Both shores were diversified by promontories and islands, and the red roofs of other cottages showed everywhere over the tufted foliage of the shores.

"How it balances—how it composes!" he said of the view, as he recrossed the bridge. "And how it's kept!" he said of the town, as he retraced his steps to the hotel. "Really"—with unconscious patronage—"it's the only thing West, so far, that has tone and finish."

He took a boat. The next day, the same. The town was full, but was lying back quietly for the excitement of the morrow; he had the water almost to himself.

Sloops and cat-boats were being rigged for a coming regatta. A scow for fireworks was being anchored two or three hundred yards from shore. He paddled about with a trolling-line. But the line was neglected. He had a good deal to think about; here was place and time to do it.

His future was assured. He could now marry. He wanted to marry. There was only the question—which?

He had surrendered his primitive theory that marriage was a matter which concerned only the two principals. Kittie's marriage—who had come to be more deeply concerned in it than he?

He thought of Abbie Brainard, and he thought of her family—a divorced sister; a disreputable brother, whose future was to sound, perhaps, depths yet undreamed of; another brother, whose coming marriage was but conclusive evidence of the coarseness of the family grain.

And the father—his scandalous success; his tainted millions; his name a byword. Those bawlings in the streets; those disgraceful and degrading pictures; the stench of the whole scandal.

His oars dropped idly, and he sat with his eyes fixed on the bottom of the boat.

But the old man would die. Yes; and then would come the division of the spoil. If there had been so much trouble in a poor sixty or eighty thousand, how much more might there be in all these millions? If he had found such difficulty in getting restitution from McDowell—a restitution so incomplete as to be even yet largely in the future—what might there be to expect from other brothers-in-law and from other new relations that so much money would be sure to bring?

He ran his troubled eyes along the shore. A party of children were wading and splashing at the foot of a high, wooded point.

That money—those millions! It was the talk of the bank that Burt, on his wedding-day, was to have five hundred thousand dollars as an out-and-out gift. And if Burt, why not Abbie—in the proper degree? Those shameful, indecent millions—millions that it would be a disgrace to receive, to handle.

"Boat ahoy!" A sloop swept by. He dodged its bowsprit and was tossed by its wake. He threw out his oars to steady himself.

The husband of a rich wife—another Valentine. My house—my furniture!

Then, he had meant to get on—in business, in society. Was he to marry a recluse?—a girl inexperienced in the ways of his world—perhaps incapable of adapting herself to them—surely careless of them.

Abbie was before him in her tender and steadfast serenity, in her stanch and genuine capability. He set his teeth, and took up his oars again, and rowed half a mile with a furious vigor. He stopped, panting and exhausted, in a clump of reeds off a sedgy shore, near a group of linden-trees. He had left Abbie behind.

An elderly couple were standing among the rushes. They regarded him with a friendly and companionable smile. They seemed to offer him the "middling lot" that the sage and poet have called the best and safest. "No hazardous and complicated relationships," they seemed to say; "no struggle over dead men's dollars, no swamping of self-respect in ill-got gains; only our daughter—"

George pressed his forehead confusedly and raised his eyes to get his bearings; the late afternoon sun dazzled him with its level beams. He saw a house set high among the trees; and on its porch, amidst a tangle of bittersweet, a girl was standing. He shaded his eyes; it was as if she waved a handkerchief at him. Presently she strolled to the brow of the bank.

"Glad to see you," she called; "we have just driven over."

It was Jessie Bradley.

XVI.

Cornelia McNabb became Mrs. Burton Brainard during the first week in August. Neither of the pair was inclined to wait, and neither had such a circle of friends as to make a midsummer wedding less preferable than a later one.

The wedding took place in church—as Cornelia had intimated to Ogden. She was not disposed to let false delicacy clog the heels of success, and she had her way. They were married in the daytime, as a partial concession to the social inexperience of one father and the social indifference of the other. The young men of the bank were drawn on freely; Ogden served as an usher—as Cornelia had requested. Adrian Valentine supported Burt at the chancel rail, and gave some friendly counsel as to details at both church and house.

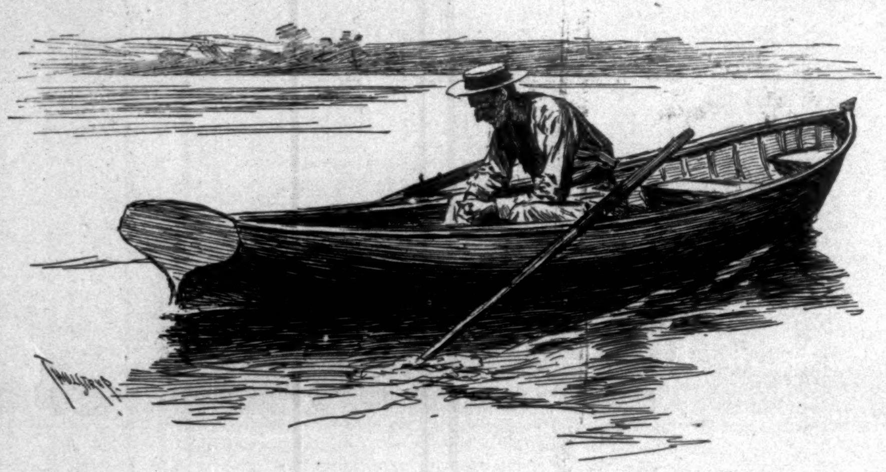
Cornelia's circle of girl-friends yielded nothing suitable in the way of bridemaids; but there was the groom's sister—and one maiden attendant was enough. Abbie therefore took this part—for the first time. She walked up the long aisle with a bashful modesty. She had a dozen opportunities to meet Ogden's eye, but her embarrassed shyness prevented her from once looking into his face.

Mary Brainard was still in exile, and her mother was confined to her room by one of her nervous attacks; but in one of the back pews, in the twilight under the gallery, a dark, meagre, and dissolute-looking young man had taken his post. And as Burt, with a proud and prosperous smile, led Cornelia down the aisle, tears of indignant rage started from the eyes of his banned and mistreated brother.

The Brainard marriage was celebrated in print, just as the Brainard divorce had been. Some of the cuts that had illustrated the one were also used to illustrate the other.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton Brainard went to California and were absent a month. On their return they took up their quarters in the Brainard house, while Burt considered the question of building. Cornelia had made up her own mind where this building should be done.

They returned to town in accordance with the mandate conveyed by certain cards that had been sent out, directed by the serviceable Abbie, during their absence. These cards announced that "Mr. and Mrs. Burton Tillinghast Brainard" would be "at home" on the "Thursdays in September."



"HE SAT WITH HIS EYES FIXED ON THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT."

Cornelia had gloated over these cards on their arrival from the stationer's.

"Mrs. Burton Tillinghast Brainard," she read, with a vigorous hitch of her shoulder. "H'm! now we're ready to knock out your Smiths and your Joneses." She tossed her head. "And then bring on your Floyds and your Ingleses!"

Before going away she had wrung Ogden's hand, and had committed her parents to him during the concluding days of their stay. Especially was he enjoined to take them up to the top of the Clifton on the very first clear day. A clear day came; he conducted them to the roof-observatory and showed them the city, and they numbered the towers thereof.

The old people tiptoed gingerly around the parapet, while Ogden waved his hand over the prospect—the mouth of the river with its elevators and its sprawling miles of railway track; the weakish blue of the lake, with the coming and going of schooners and propellers, and the "cribs" that stood on the faint horizon—"that's where our water comes from," George explained; the tower of the water-works itself, and the dull and distant green of Lincoln Park; the towering bulk of other great sky-scrapers, and the grimy spindling of a thousand surrounding chimneys; the lumber-laden brigs that were tugged slowly through the draw-bridges, while long strings of drays and buggies and street cars accumulated during the wait.

"My! don't they look little!" cried Mrs. McNabb.

George smiled with all the gratified vanity of a native. "And that," he said, pointing southward down the street, "is the Board of Trade."

"Where we was the other day," the old man reminded his wife. "And that gilt thing on the top of it is a ship, I swan. And wasn't they noisy, though! Well, now, Josephine, ain't it handsome?"

A simple soul found to admire the tower of the Board of Trade—let it be put on record.

George and McNabb had got on very well. The old countryman had felt rather frost-bitten on seeing George in full social regalia, but seeming to find him more human and approachable in a simple business suit, he had thawed out again. Mrs. McNabb had taken to him kindly from the start. Most women did, though he appeared never to have observed it. She joined with her husband in wreathing him in an atmosphere of simple friendliness.

The other father concerned in the festivities had also thawed towards George, though it would be a mistake to attribute simplicity to any friendliness shown by the head of the Underground. At one stage of the proceedings Erastus M. Brainard had laid his hand on Ogden's shoulder, and the young man had asked himself with distressful circumspection what it meant. It might have been to his advantage if he had found an answer.

George's engagement to Jessie Bradley was now an accomplished fact; the nail was driven—only a formal announcement was required to clinch it. He had preferred to withhold this until his affairs with McDowell were more accurately adjusted. Freeze & Freeze had put on a pretty positive pressure, and an arrangement had been contrived that had some of the externals, at least, of an adjustment.

McDowell's affairs had not been taking a very favorable turn; some of his ventures had been too rank for even gullibility itself, and his hope of relations with Ingles was now completely at an end. Ingles, in fact, had signified to him that an accounting for of the St. Asaph funds was desired by himself and the other contributing members of the former committee, that a remittance in accordance therewith was looked for, and that his resignation of the financial guidance of the choir would receive prompt consideration.

This communication might have been made by Ingles personally, or it might have been sent by his office-boy, or it might even (as a physical possibility) have been pushed in under the crack of the door between them. As a matter of fact, it came through the mail. So formal a transmission of so formidable a communication was conclusive; McDowell felt at once that all possibility of personal relations between himself and Ingles was at an end—that door in the wall between them was as good as bricked up.

Kittie came around late one afternoon to see her mother. "Do you know, George," she said to her brother, "that Eugene is going to give up our pew at St. Asaph's? Can you imagine why?"

He had heard and read a good deal in his lifetime about the fine penetration of feminine intuition; he wondered why feminine intuition always failed when it came up for application to business matters. The pretty, high-held female heads that would droop in shame if they could come to learn the how and wherefore of their own costly bedeckings! Poor innocent Kittie—sitting there and twirling in unsuspecting surprise the sparkling novelties that encircled her fingers, and never caring or thinking about the means by which they had come to be there!

The principal instruments in McDowell's settlement with the Ogden estate were certain promissory notes and certain warranty deeds—warranty, after quit-claims had been refused; and Ogden found himself in possession of his brother-in-law's signature on several bits of paper which he hoped might realize their full value when the time came, and also of two or three largish tracts of suburban property in which the general public interest seemed rather diminishing than increasing. McDowell saved the best here, just as he had managed to secure the best of his father-in-law's estate for his wife. In the original division—fair, according to appraised values—his knowledge of tendencies of growth had put into his wife's third almost everything that was likely to show a quick increase in price. George took his notes and his lands, and the task of turning them into money; and he left to Kittie an unimpaired trust and confidence in her own husband.

The matter of a house shared his thoughts along with the McDowell business—an October wedding, a week for a trip, and then the beginning of housekeeping on the first of November in a home of their own.

"You want to see Mrs. Cass," Floyd had told him; "she fixed us up when we first came out here."

"Who is she?"

"A clever little woman who makes a sort of specialty of North Side houses. She has got desk-room somewhere upstairs—sixteenth or seventeenth. She married badly—her husband doesn't do anything. She began by renting friends' houses to other friends, and has kept on until she has worked up quite a business. In such a big town as this has got to be you need to go to a specialist for almost everything. You might take in the whole lot of those big house-renting agencies and never get satisfied."

The office of the Massachusetts Brass Company was as much a social exchange as ever. Jessie frequently came down with Mrs. Floyd and Ann and Claudia, and George would sometimes step up to see her for a few minutes during his noonings. Mrs. Floyd looked upon the meetings indulgently enough, but Ann seemed to hold against Ogden a deeply seated grudge.

She had been considerably embarrassed in the matter of her special assessments, and she had as much feeling against George as against McDowell himself. Her efforts to fortify and to recoup herself had led her into other fields of business, and she was now spending a good part of every forenoon in the neighborhood of the Board of Trade. Thus far she had not been so successful as to lessen the grudge.

The particular institution in which Ann was interested bore some external resemblance to its great prototype across the street. It was smaller and, if possible, uglier; but it, too, had its quadrangular arcade, its big square skylight, its ladies' gallery. In this gallery Ann sat daily for several hours, along with other women of a like turn of mind, and kept an eye on the proceedings generally. After a few sessions she became accustomed to the mere externals of the place—the endless shuffle of feet on the grimy floor, the sharp yawps of raw and eager voices, the flinging aloft of excited arms, the little tangles of noise and passion that were instantly woven around every new-comer with an offer to buy or to sell. She looked over this choppy sea across to the promised land that was being portrayed on the opposite blackboard; the artist paced to and fro on a long, high, narrow platform, and worked in the uncertainty of a single drop-light. He frequently changed his mind, and his alterations usually had a deep and sometimes a discouraging effect upon Ann and her associates. Every now and then one would retire into the hallway and consult with her agent, and then there would be the rustle of greenbacks, and the agent would take the elevator down and presently be seen among the crowd of men on the floor. The agent was likely to be a gallant fellow, only too happy to be of service to a lady.

Ann was now a member of Floyd's household, in good and regular standing. She felt herself very much at home. What was her brother-in-law's was her sister's, and what was her sister's was hers. She was usually the first to unfold the morning paper; she pre-empted the bath-room with little regard to Walworth's established habits; and if the idea of some trifling delicacy occurred to her she would order it from the grocery, and after it had appeared on

Walworth's table it appeared again in his bill. She did not stand on ceremony; she waived all stiff formality; cozily and frankly she was quite one of the family.

As such she used Walworth's office quite freely, and in the same capacity she joined in the conferences which the Floyds were now beginning to hold with Atwater up under his great skylight in the roof. Atwater's little house for Claudia had given great satisfaction, and he was now about to do a larger one for Claudia's parents, who had begun to look upon their banishment to the West as a perpetual fact. Claudia's house had been delivered with its stairs, its windows, its red chimney, and its chandeliers—which last were composed by a pushing young draughtsman who was as anxious to make interest with Atwater as Atwater had perhaps been to make interest with Floyd.

Atwater was accustomed to people who didn't know their own minds, to people who knew their own minds too well, to people who had too many minds to really have any mind at all, and to people who had so much money that they didn't need to have any mind. He was impeccably suave and unruffled, but he had the immense advantage of being able to impress the unduly brusque and capricious and exasperating among his clients with the fact that they were dealing with a gentleman and an artist. He also put a good deal of "presence" into the rendering and the collecting of his accounts; there was no more disputing his charges than his taste.

He took equally, with his urbane imperturbability, the anxious carpings of Mrs. Floyd and the easy joking of her husband. Ann he quietly ignored, and Walworth thanked him; for his sister-in-law's interest in the new house was becoming oppressively personal. As for Claudia, he always saw that she had, out of his sample cabinet, all the bits of tiling and scraps of marqueterie that she needed; and if she fancied a promenade among the boards and trestles of his drawing-room, her whim was gratified. Ogden and Jessie, who sometimes came too, he welcomed pleasantly—the guests of the present were the clients of the future. Ogden admired his beautiful manners and his whitened hair; one day he amusedly recalled Jessie's determination to make her husband's hair like it.

He looked at Atwater, who was explaining his preliminary sketches to the Floyds, and was trying to fix the general bearings of hall, stairway, and closets; his hair looked whiter still under the diffused glare from the skylight.

George turned to Jessie, with his hand on his own head, so smooth and shining brown.

"This is the hair you are to whiten," he said, and he lifted his eyebrows in a smile.

"I never saw such a boy!" she murmured in a repressed ecstasy. "Do you remember *everything* I have said?" No one was looking, and she placed her own hand on his other temple.

"Wouldn't powder do?" he asked, lightly.

"Only for girls."

"Couldn't it be bleached?"

"Not and get that color."

"Must I suffer, then?"—with his hand still on his brow.

"I'm afraid that's the only way." She lowered his hand in her own, and gave it a tender pressure on its descent.

"Must it be lingering, or something sharp and sudden?"

She pressed his hand again, and looked affectionately into his eyes. "Both, perhaps."

"Will it be fear or anxiety or shame?"

"Wait and see."

Atwater tied up his sketches and threw them into a drawer. Then he went to his cabinet and took out a few small strips and squares of encaustic tiling in yellow and gray.

"And now I wonder if our little Colleen wouldn't like to take some of these home to play with?" He turned courteously to Mrs. Floyd, while his hand reached out for a sheet of brown paper.

"They're not too—too heavy?" she asked, cautiously. "Nor too easily broken?"

The child opened wide her brown eyes, in one of her sober little ecstasies. "Oh, plaze, mamma! Oh, lave me have them—do!"

Ogden turned to Jessie, mutely asking her to share his appreciation of this. But she did not seem especially amused. He remembered, then, that to himself he had frequently called her treatment of Claudia "uneven." Sometimes the child entertained her, sometimes she annoyed her. Jessie seemed to regard her—and he felt now and then that she so regarded children generally—as a doll to be played with until weariness came, and then to be carelessly thrust away.

"Oh, let her have 'em," said Ann, with an air of authority.

"Very good of you, I'm sure," said Floyd to Atwater.

"Not at all; I'm sampled to death. There, my child." He gave her a neat little package. "I'm sure they'll understand you when you get to Paris!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE IOWA TORNADO.

THE tornado which swept through a portion of northwestern Iowa on the evening of Thursday, July 6th, was the widest in extent, the most terrible in force, and altogether the most fatal of any storm known in the history of Iowa. The fatal storm at Grinnell in 1882 gave a record of not more than one-third as many persons killed as this, and the Comanche storm in 1860 most resembles it in extent, although the loss of life was not as great.

The recent storm spent its greatest force at the little town of Pomeroy, having less than 1000 inhabitants, in the extreme northern portion of Calhoun County. Pomeroy is located in a flat and marshy region, although the centre of a fine farming country. It is on the direct line of the Illinois Central Railroad, and many trains pass through the place each day.

This appears to have been a true tornado, resembling the cyclone in everything except extent. There was plenty of opportunity to observe it, for it started in the sunny part of late afternoon, and its fury had been expended before the natural hour for darkness. In fact, there was plenty of opportunity to have photographed the traditional funnel-shaped cloud, or more than one of them; for there were undoubtedly sections or members of this storm, as observation has shown in all disturbances of a similar character in this part of the West. The tornado culminated first in the southeast quadrant of the storm area, or place of lowest barometric pressure, which appears to have embraced portions of Plymouth, Cherokee, Woodbury, and Ida counties. The first traces of the tornado are in the southeastern portion of Cherokee County, where houses and barns were razed, crops destroyed, and stock and people killed. Thence the main tornado seems to have taken a course generally east, or almost following the Illinois Central Railway. It crossed Storm Lake, and at Pomeroy its greatest fury was exerted. It struck that peaceful village at 7.10 P.M., and in half an hour the town was almost literally swept from the face of the earth, at least two-thirds of it being entirely levelled, while most of the remaining buildings were more or less badly racked.

There had been indications of violent disturbance all the afternoon. The air was full of electricity, and the weather stations had sent out telegrams predicting severe local storms. Whether these warnings had any effect or not does not appear, but it was a fortunate thing for the people of Pomeroy who live to tell the tale that they were quite well provided with cellars and with "cyclone caves." The storm did not come so quickly that there was not time to seek places of safety, and it is a notable fact that nearly all those who were saved had taken refuge, while a number of those who were killed had ventured out, after once seeking safety, either to save life or property or through sheer recklessness.

The part of Pomeroy which was destroyed was the residence portion of the town, and a majority of the people living there were at their homes at the time. Some of those killed lived in other places and were visiting at Pomeroy.

At this one town 44 were killed outright, 9 have since died, 109 are seriously injured and require surgical attendance, while hundreds more were hurt. The number known to have been killed and fatally injured at other places in the track of the storm will bring the death list up to about 75.

Those who saw the funnel-shaped cloud which struck Pomeroy say it varied in shape and appearance, sometimes looking like a balloon, and again like the trunk of an elephant, rolling and twisting, and having both a vertical and horizontal rotary motion. At times it lifted, and again it dipped down to the earth. It seemed to be possessed of some baleful intelligence, for in the country it several times dipped down to where a farm-house stood in the midst of a grove, destroying the house and leaving the grove intact. Horses, houses, wagons, cattle, trees, and agricultural implements were lifted up and hurled hundreds of yards through the air.

At Pomeroy in some cases whole families were killed, and in others one was taken and the others left. A mother was killed and the babe in her arms was entirely uninjured. A woman who left the cellar where she had taken refuge, to save a child which was seen dangerously near an open well, was caught up into the air and blown several hundred feet, and was finally deposited in a tangled heap of débris, comparatively uninjured.

There was a terrible scene just after the tornado had passed, Thursday night. The town was enveloped in total darkness. The survivors crawled from the wreckage or from their places of safety, and with a few flickering lanterns began to look for the wounded, whose agonizing cries sounded like the product of a battle-field.

Vice-President Harriman, of the Illinois Central Railroad, happened to be within a few miles of Pomeroy in his special car, and all the accommodations of the railroad were placed at the disposal of the stricken town.

On Friday aid was sent from Fort Dodge, Sioux City, and intermediate towns, and Governor Boies soon appeared on the scene, with Company G, Fourth Regiment I. N. G., which was immediately set to work on guard duty. Within two days fifty competent surgeons were procured and hospitals were improvised. Train-loads of provisions and clothing were sent from Des Moines, Sioux City, and other places, with contributions of money aggregating more than $5000 already. All that is possible is being done for the comfort of the survivors and the succor of the injured, and the wreckage is being cleared away.

The damage to crops for an area several miles wide and one hundred miles long is complete. Of one-thousand-acre corn fields nothing is left but short stubble, as if cut with a machine. The devastation is terrible, but it is in the midst of a rich country, and the fortunate will help their suffering neighbors.

EDWIN H. BROWN, *Sioux City Times.*

THIS BUSY WORLD

MR. GEORGE KENNAN finds willing listeners in England to what he has to tell about Siberian horrors. A London paper says that he "has a strong and striking face with piercing dark eyes, and speaks with the cool precision and direct force of many Americans." The impression he gives in London is that he looks upon the struggle for freedom in Russia as long, perilous, and doubtful, but that the miseries of it may be checked in some degree by publicity.

Some one has died and left the "Lounger" of the *Critic* in sole possession of a story which he admits to be of such interest as to be a burden to his conscience because he is not at work writing it out.

Tell it, Lounger—tell it, by all means. If absolutely you have not time to turn it into literature, at least you can transmute it into type-written "copy." There is very little excuse for not telling a story (if one has one to tell) in these days of stenography and machine-writing. The trouble is rather that the facilities for composition tempt people into story-telling who are destitute of real tales.

Which recalls a professor of literature who was lately asked what was the truth about contemporary verse, and whether or not it possessed real merit. His complaint was that it was not about anything; that it was just verse, and bore some such relation to authentic poetry as soda-water does to victuals. It is an immense comfort to meet a man who professes, however modestly, to know something thoroughly. If one can worm an opinion out of him that tallies with a suspicion one had previously entertained, the resulting accretion of self-respect is most grateful to the spirit. It does not quite make one feel that he knows something himself, but it helps him to believe that he might have learned if he had begun in time.

Another possibility of gratification that inheres to a professor who really does know something all through lies in his ability to expose the ignorance of people who assume to have deep knowledge of matters whereof in truth they only possess a smattering. A professor of anything in particular who knows his specialty can always tell you about people who write on his subject with all the assurance of authority, but with only a mere glamour of authoritative knowledge. Next in consoling qualities to the assumption that one might have known if one had tried is the assurance that the claims of some one who assumes to know are not well founded. To respect the learning which one lacks himself is creditable to one's good sense though costly to his self-esteem, but to respect the learning that some one else pretends to and has not got is a gratification without any drawbacks.

Between the Italians who come to this country to dig ditches and build railroads and those who come to represent the Pope there seems to be a growing prospect of better acquaintance in these parts with the Italian character and abilities. They are far better worth knowing than the average American of the past generation has suspected. Archbishop Satolli has been a revelation all in himself of Italian discretion and lucidity, and laborers by thousands have pieced out the picture by their daily demonstration of Italian industry and physical strength. There is such a thing also as contemporary Italian wit. A French paper (of course) tells the story of how Count Herbert Bismarck, whose manners are notoriously brusque, crowded rudely against the shoulder of an Italian gentleman at a railroad station. "Who are you, insolent?" the gentleman demanded. "Herbert de Bismarck!" was the answer. "'Oh!' reprit l'Italien, avec un léger sourire, 'ça ne justifie peut-être pas votre conduite, mais ça l'explique.'"

An interesting little row is reported from Bar Harbor. A crowded train from Boston, due there on Sunday morning, was held for two hours at Bangor, until the arrival from somewhere of the private car of "a well-known railway official." The train usually stops at Bangor fifteen minutes for breakfast. By the time that that fifteen minutes had lengthened into an hour, and the hour had doubled itself, the feelings of the passengers had progressed through all the stages from irritation to passionate exasperation, and when the railroad magnate's car came in there was an incipient riot awaiting its occupant. On the delayed train were two or three millionaires and a number of people of high consideration, from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, who are not much used to awaiting other folks' convenience. They reached Bar Harbor tousling their hair and gnashing their teeth in the expression of a resolute purpose to see what authority the man in the private car had to confiscate two hours of their play-time. What the end will be may depend somewhat on the soothing influences of the Bar Harbor atmosphere.

Having completed the chronicles of the line of Rougon-Macquart, M. Zola has been saying that he has already written too much, and that he wishes now that he could do some talking. He has much that he wishes to say. He desires to devote himself for the rest of his life to the defence of certain social theories, but he wants to do it not with his pen, but by word of mouth. But alas for M. Zola! He declares that he has not the speech-making faculty. He finds that talking and writing exercise two different divisions of the mechanism of the head, and that the oratorical machinery in his head will not work. The gestures, the exaggeration of thoughts and words, the magnetism, that go into successful speechifying he has not got, and despairs of attaining.

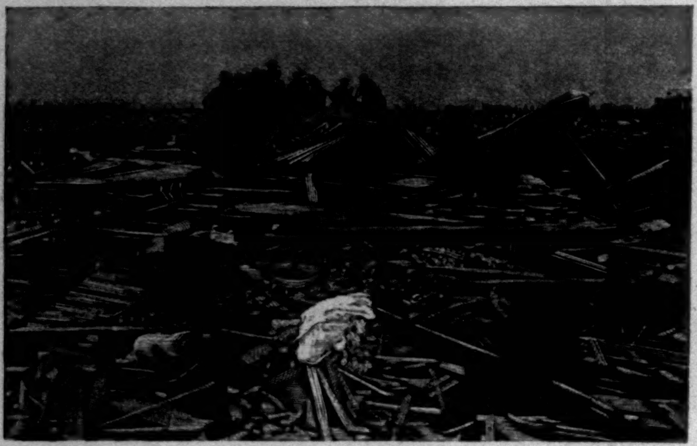
He may console himself with the reflection that his experience is not novel. Speech-making does not come by practice in writing books. There are men, like the late editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who talk as well as they write, and do both with consummate skill, but it happens oftener the other way. The orator's tricks of speech are apt to be blemishes in his writing. The writer gets the habit of thinking with his pen, and finds himself when called upon to think without it too much like a cripple deprived of his crutch.

But let M. Zola comfort himself. In these times, as between oratory and literature, he has chosen the better part. He will return to his desk presently and defend the social ideas of his choice in the way he knows best. If he yearns uncontrollably to speak, he can begin by lecturing, which is a thing between writing and oratory, and perhaps after a while he will learn oratory itself.

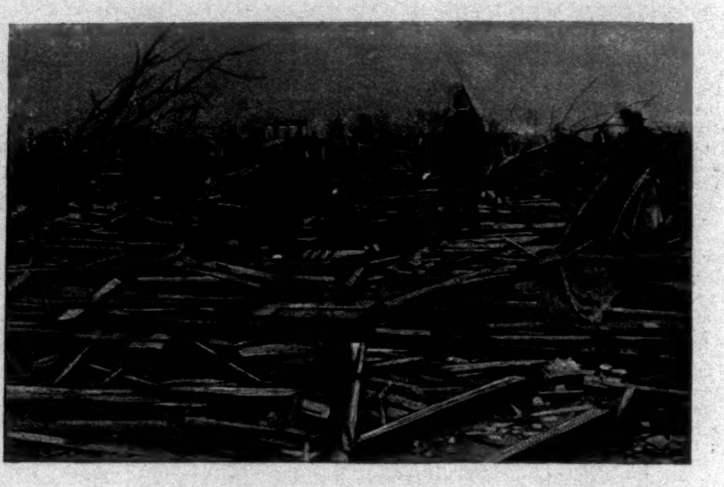
The London *Times* finds in Mr. Henry James one compensating advantage of the discovery of Europe by the Americans. The *Times* is very kind to Mr. James. It calls his latest book of essays "an admirable illustration of the blending of the finest European culture with native American genius." It speaks further of his possession of "an advantage which a cultivated American often enjoys as compared with an equally cultivated Englishman, in that he sees the whole culture of Europe in a common perspective, and assimilates all its elements indifferently." But Mr. James by this time must have achieved this advantageous point of view as to either side of the Atlantic. He has lived abroad long enough now to be of real use to help his old-time countrymen to see themselves as the truly initiated see them. It is to be hoped that he will make a voyage to the New World again some time, and tell us about ourselves, and in particular determine whether we have grown since he knew us before, and if so in what respects. Mr. James's views of the civilization of Chicago, if founded on adequate personal inspection, would be of the highest interest, but whether any prospect of usefulness to his fellows would tempt him to make a personal inspection of Chicago that would be adequate is a question that may well give pause to the inquirer.

The managers of the New York Flower Mission desire that their friends among the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY should be reminded that the Flower Mission is as active in well-doing this year as it has been in any of the twenty-two years of its existence. Its rooms at 104 East Twentieth Street (basement) are open every Monday and Thursday, and from them is conducted the work the mission has long carried on of distributing flowers through missionaries and visitors to the sick in the hospitals, tenement-houses, industrial schools, and asylums. The work of the mission is not limited by any distinctions of creed, and its flowers are personally distributed, with friendly words of greeting that are as cheering as the flowers themselves. The Mission asks for contributions of fresh flowers (fragrant ones if possible), and for small contributions of money to be spent for eggs, beef extract, and meat, to be sent in some cases with the flowers to the sick in tenement buildings. Contributions sent to the rooms of the Mission will be acknowledged by the secretary. The managers report that the contributions have fallen off in some degree because of the impression that the work of the Mission had been given up. They especially desire that this erroneous impression should be corrected.

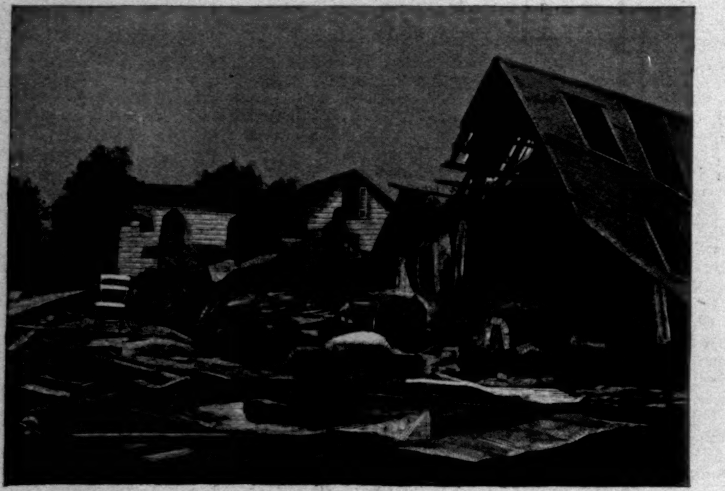
E. S. MARTIN.



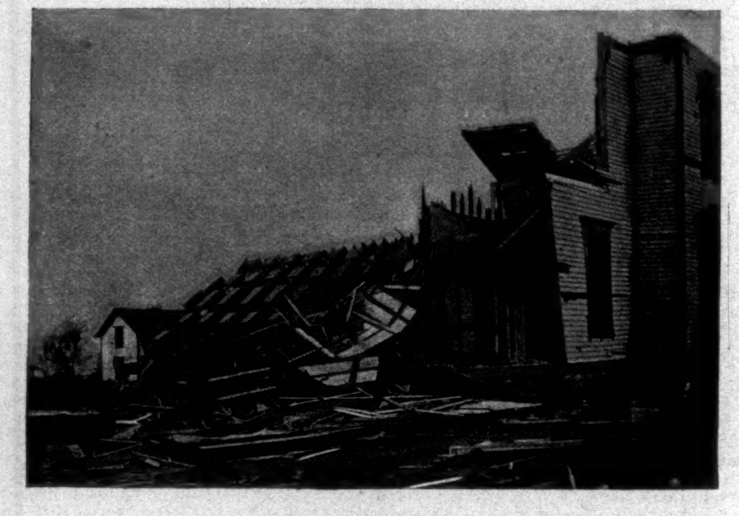
A WHOLE FAMILY TAKEN OUT DEAD.



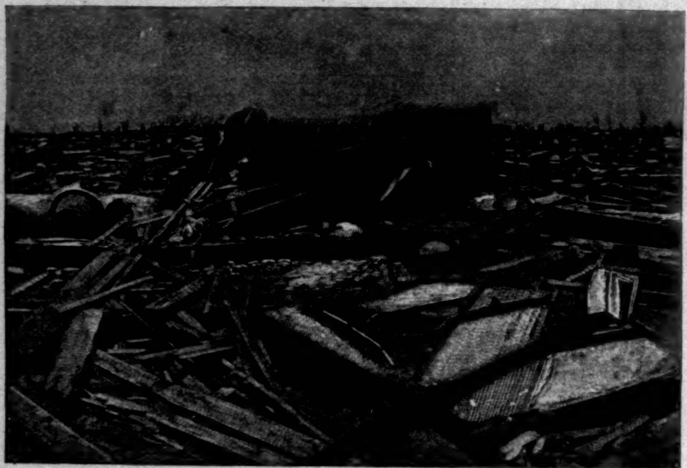
VIEW FROM THE WEST.



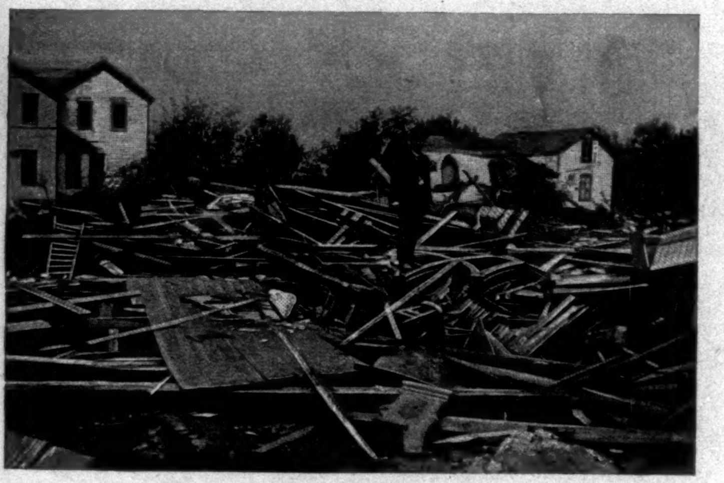
THE MORNING AFTER THE STORM.



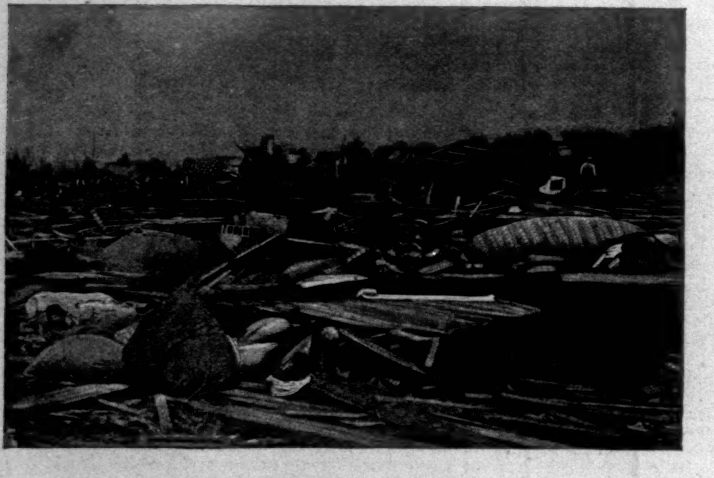
CITY SCHOOL BUILDING.



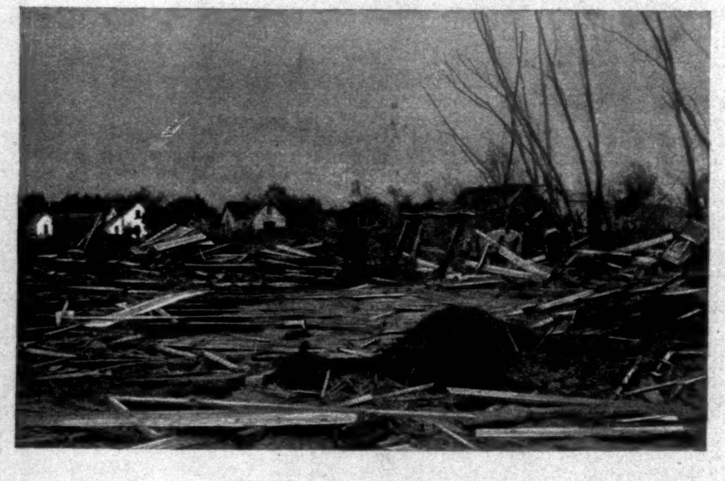
GENERAL VIEW OF SECTION OF RUINED CITY.



REMAINS OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

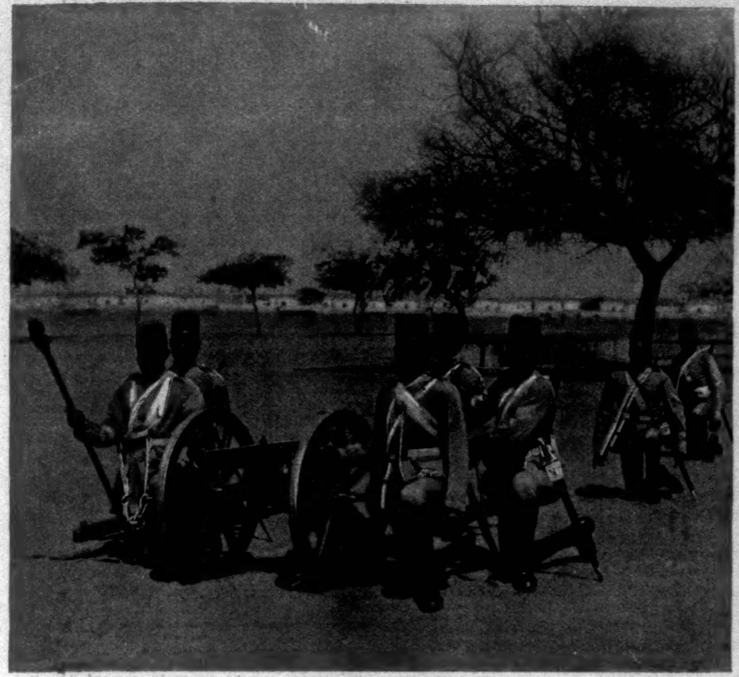


VIEW OF RUINS FROM THE SOUTHEAST.

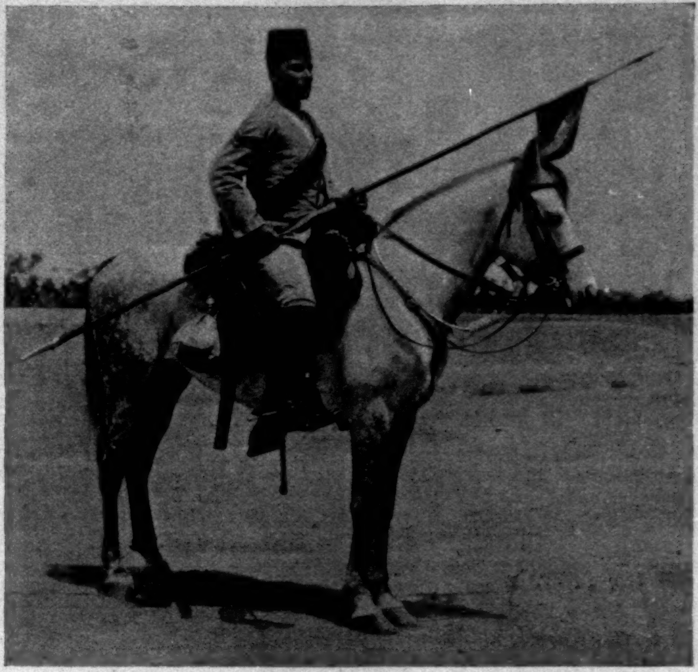


WHERE A BARN ONCE STOOD.

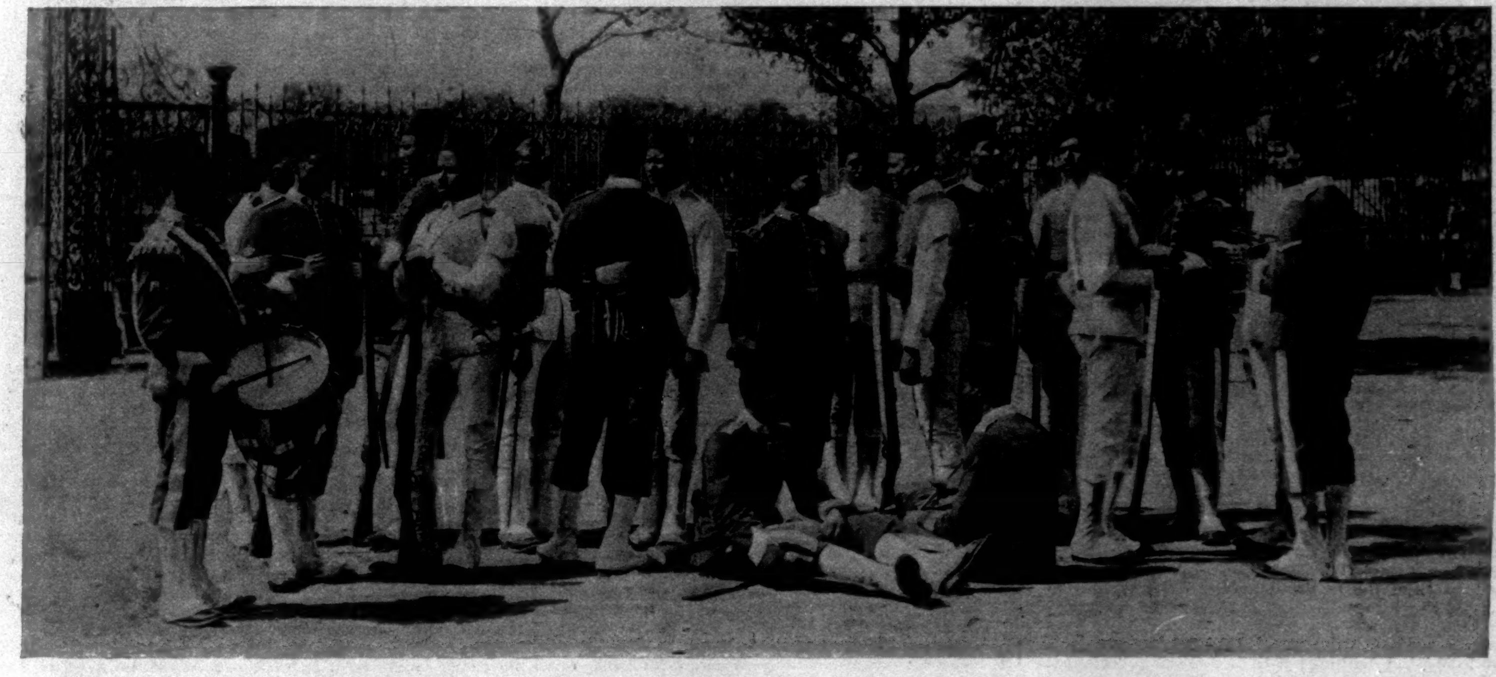
THE RECENT CYCLONE AT POMEROY, IOWA.—[SEE PAGE 691.]
From Copyrighted Photographs by F. A. Garrison.



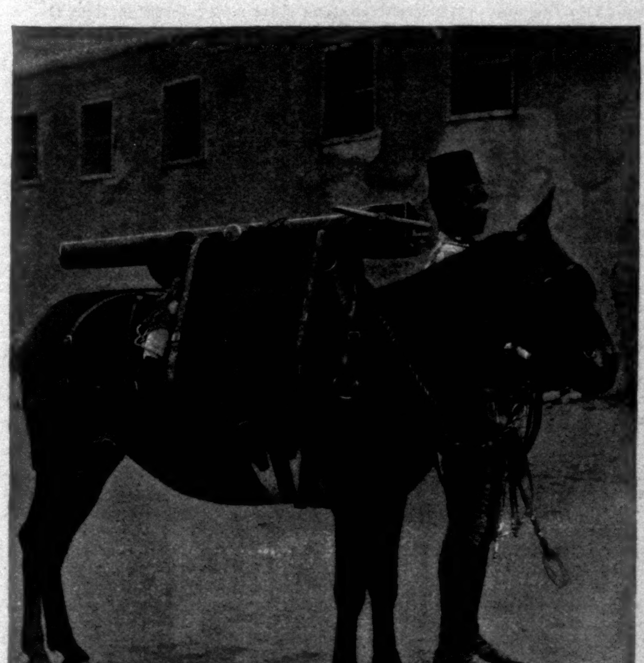
A GUN OF THE MULE BATTERY IN ACTION.



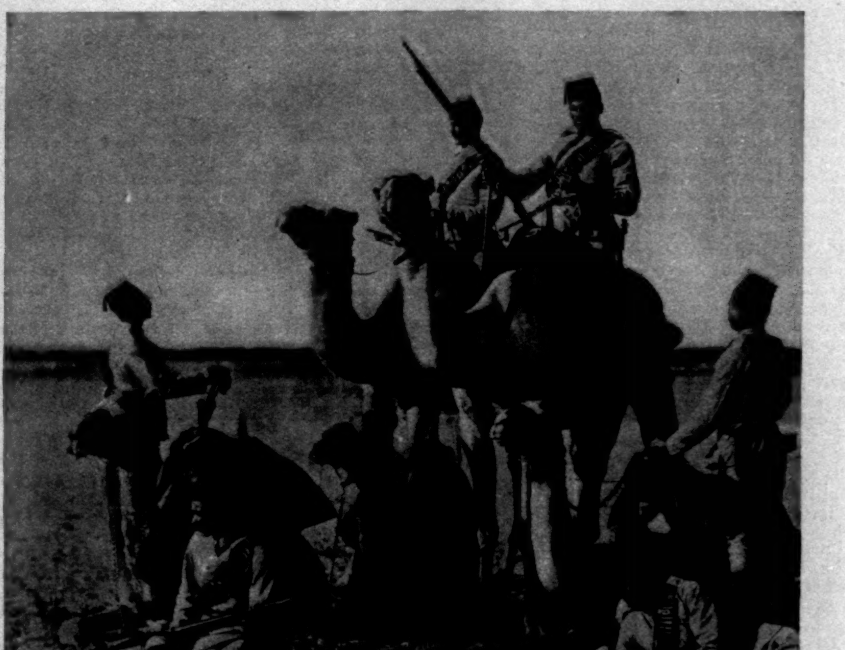
AN EGYPTIAN LANCER.



EGYPTIAN INFANTRY IN THEIR DIFFERENT UNIFORMS.



THE GUN MULE OF THE MULE BATTERY.



A CAMEL CORPS PATROL AT WADI HALFA.

THE ENGLISHMEN IN EGYPT.—From Photographs.—[See "The Rulers of the Mediterranean," Page 694.]

THE RULERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

V.—THE ENGLISHMEN IN EGYPT.

WHEN the visitor to Cairo first grasps the extent of his own ignorance of Egypt, and appreciates that if he is to understand its monuments and the signs of past times about him he must study the history of the whole world for forty centuries, he is apt to retreat precipitately. Later, as a compromise, he proposes skipping thirty-nine centuries and limiting his researches to the study of the political and social conditions of Egypt during the last ten years. And when he begins jauntily on this he finds that all that has gone before, from Rameses II. to Mehemet Ali, is as simple as the line of Popes in comparison to the anomalies and intricacies of government that have arisen within the last decade. Yet the very intricacies of the subject give to this study a fascination entirely apart from its rare picturesqueness, and no matter what manner of man he may be, he cannot but find some side of the situation that appeals to him. If his mind be constituted like that of a ready reckoner he can revel in unravelling the intricacies of the Caisse and the Laws of Liquidation; if it is judicial, he can perhaps elucidate the powers of the Mixed Tribunal; if romantic, he has the career of Ismail, the most magnificent of patriots and profligate of monarchs; and if it turns towards adventure and the clash of arms, he can read of the heroic fanaticism of Fuzzy Wuzzy, the son of the Mahdi, of the futile mission of Gordon, of Stewart's march across the desert, and of the desperate valor of the fight at Aboo-Klea.

But it is the paradoxical nature of Egypt's present situation which gives it its chief interest, and which lends to it the peculiar fascination of a puzzle, or one of Oscar Wilde's witticisms. For, while Egypt is not free, as is Morocco, or under a protectorate, as is Tunis, she is still free and still protected. She is free to coin money, to maintain an army, and to make treaties; and yet she pays $6,000,000 a year tribute to Turkey as a part of the Ottoman Empire, and her army that she is allowed to maintain is officered by English soldiers, whom she is also allowed to maintain. She may not pay out the money she is allowed to coin without the consent of foreigners; she cannot punish the man who steals this money, be he Greek, English, or American, without the approval of these foreigners; and her official language is that of one foreign power, her ostensible protector is another, and her real protector is still another, whose commands are given under the irritating disguise of "advice."

Alfred Milner, the late under-secretary for finance in Egypt, whose book on *England in Egypt* is the best book on the subject, though it reads like a novel, has put it in this way: "It is not given to mortal intelligence to understand at one blow the complexities of Turkish suzerainty and foreign treaty rights; to realize the various powers of interference and obstruction possessed by consuls and consuls-general, by commissioners of the public debt, and other mixed administrations; to distinguish English officers who are English from English officers who are Egyptian, foreign judges of the international courts from foreign judges of the native courts; to follow the writhings of the Egyptian government in its struggle to escape from the fine meshes of the capitulations; to appreciate precisely what laws that government can make with the consent of only six powers, and for what laws it requires the consent of no less than fourteen."

It seems rather unfair to saddle the responsibility for all of these burdens and for this remarkable condition of affairs, which is unequalled in history, upon the shoulders of one man, but one man is responsible for it directly and indirectly. He is still alive, a hanger-on at the court of the Sultan of Turkey, he who was at one time the most picturesque monarch of the world. Ismail Pasha became Khedive a little before the time of the close of our civil war. Egypt had never been more prosperous than then—owing but $15,000,000 of money. In 1876, when Ismail was deposed and his son Tewfik Pasha put in place, he had increased the debt of Egypt to $445,000,000. Ismail was a typical Oriental ruler; he had the typical Oriental ruler's French veneer and education, a combination which has been found to produce most serious results. When an Oriental is left alone he is a barbarian, or he used to be; now, after he has been made the talk of Paris for nine days, and has been given a state dinner at Marlborough House, and a few stars for his coat, and called "cousin," he goes home with no particular disgust for his former eccentricities of misgovernment, but with a quiver full of new tastes, desires, and ambitions, and thereafter plays his rôle of monarch with one eye on the grand stands of Europe. He wants their good opinion, but he wants to get it his own way—the old way. He begins to build railroads and hospitals, but he continues, after his past custom, to draw the money for such improvements from licensed gambling-houses or from the sale of opium. He has a French cook, but he retains the kurbash; he puts up telephones, but he does not give up the bowstring.

Ismail was the first Khedive who discovered that the easiest way to get money is to borrow it. He found that all one has to do is to sign a paper, and you get the money. It was very easy for Ismail to borrow money, because the credit of Egypt was good and sound in itself, and because foreigners, who even at that time swarmed in Egypt, knew that the repudiation of debts, while possible in a powerful or free government, was not to be feared from that country. So there began a reign of extravagance for which history has no parallel. If "money breeds money," it is also true that those who spend money freely are given more chances to do so than any one else. Adventurers, charlatans, rascals of every climate and every nationality, swarmed down upon Cairo, and fought with one another for a chance to glut themselves at the repast which this reckless profligate spread for all comers. No man probably was ever so basely cheated as was Ismail, or on so magnificent a scale. Nothing remains but ruins to show where the money spent on his own personal pleasure was bestowed. That other magnificent reprobate, William M. Tweed, left monuments like the Court House to commemorate his thefts of public money; but Ismail's palaces are falling in pieces, the rain has washed the paint off the boards, the tips of the crescents are broken, and great gardens filled with fountains and mosaic paths are choked with weeds and covered with fallen leaves and the dirt and dust of neglect and decay. You can walk over long marble floors which have sunk by their own weight through the rotten foundations, and see yourself at full length in bleared mirrors surrounded by the gilt borders and blue silken curtains of the Second Empire. Ismail ordered these palaces as men order hats, and threw them away as you toss an empty cartridge from a gun-barrel. And that was all the most of them ever were, empty cartridges, mere shells of wood painted to look like marble, and gilding and mirrors, as tasteless as the buildings at the Centennial Exposition, and lasting as long.

These extravagances and these eccentricities were all in keeping with our idea of what an Oriental despot should be, but it would be most unfair and ungenerous to give this side of Ismail's character only. He was a man of much mind and of large ideas, as well as a man with the tastes of a voluptuary, and the means, for a time, of a Count of Monte Cristo. It was he who built the harbor of Alexandria; and the railways and canals that others have completed were started under his régime. All of these things—railroads, palaces, canals, and grottos made of mud, cost money; and there were other expenses. Knights of industry and rascals of all degrees extorted vast fortunes from him in indemnities for supposed failures on his part to keep up with his agreements, and to stick to the letter of concessions. Some of these, like the payment of $15,000,000 to the Suez Canal Company, were just enough; but there was also an enormous sum given in backsheesh to Turkey to gain the consent of the Porte to a proposed change in the line of succession and the establishment of the rule of primogeniture. Up to that time the eldest male member of the ruling family had always succeeded to power, but Ismail obtained a firman from the Sultan allowing his son to follow him. The gratification of this natural vanity or love of family was not obtained for the asking, and cost his people dear. They were already groaning under a multitude of taxes; the army was unpaid; the bureaucracy was rotten throughout; bribery and extortion, unfair taxation, and open seizure of the property of others had reduced the country almost to bankruptcy. Ismail in sixteen years had brought about a state of things that threatened utter ruin, to not only the native, but to the strangers within and without the gates. The strangers made the move for reform. I have told this much of Ismail not because it is new or unfamiliar, but because it shows how, through his misrule, the foreign element was able to obtain a footing upon the shore of Egypt, which footing has now grown to a trampling under foot of what is native and properly Egyptian. This entering wedge was called the Dual Control, and France and England were appointed receivers for Egypt, just as we appoint receivers for a badly managed railroad, and Ismail was deposed, his son Tewfik taking his place.

But although this was the first important and most official recognition of the right of the stranger to dictate to Egypt, he had already obtained peculiar rights in Egypt through capitulations, or those privileges granted in the past to foreign residents in Turkey and its dependent state of Egypt. In the sixteenth century the foreigners who traded in these Oriental countries stood in actual need of protection from the natives. Because they were foreigners they were regarded with such lack of consideration that, in order to balance the disadvantages of having their shops destroyed and their throats cut, the Sultan gave them certain privileges—such as immunity from taxation, immunity from arrest, the inviolability of domicile, and the exemption from the jurisdiction of the local courts. These privileges were unimportant when the foreign element in Constantinople was so little and so weak that the position of the Chinamen in San Francisco in '49 was that of a powerful aristocracy in comparison; but the snake warmed at the hearth-stone grew, and the Sultan's empire dwindled, and the privileges which were given to bribe the foreigner to come and to remain became a bane to Turkey and a curse to the weaker state of Egypt. The inviolability of domicile, for instance, is at this very day made use of by foreigners who are carrying on some wickedness or who have committed a crime for which they cannot be arrested by an Egyptian policeman unless he is accompanied by an official representative of the country to which the foreigner belongs. Let us suppose, for example, that the police of New York wished to raid a gambling-house. This, I know, is asking a good deal of the reader's intelligence, but we will suppose it to be a gambling-house which has not paid its assessment to the police regularly, and which should be given a lesson. All that the proprietor of the house would have to do, did capitulations extend in New York, would be to lease the house to an Italian, or to take out papers of naturalization from the British government. You can imagine the chagrin of an officer of the law who, when he goes to make an arrest, is confronted with a German who says he is an Englishman, and whose domicile is accordingly sacred. This, as you can imagine, would impede the wheels of justice. When I was in Cairo a Greek who had taken out papers as an American citizen flaunted this fact in the faces of the native police whenever they came to arrest him for keeping a gambling-house. They applied to our consul-general, Mr. E. C. Little, of Abilene, Kansas, who so far differed from the etiquette observed by some other consuls-general in Cairo as not to delay and not to warn the criminal. He sent his soldiers to be present at the arrest. The offender met this by bringing forth another American citizen of Greek parentage, to whom he claimed to have leased the house, and whose family were inside. Mr. Little, feeling that the American flag did not look well as a cloak for gambling-houses, and being a young man who has assisted at county-seat fights and who can pitch three curves, said that if the roulette tables were not out of the house in twenty-four hours he would himself break them into kindling-wood with an axe. This incident shows how the capitulations of the sixteenth century are acting as stumbling-blocks to the Egyptian of to-day, even when the consuls-general are willing to assist the native government, which is seldom.

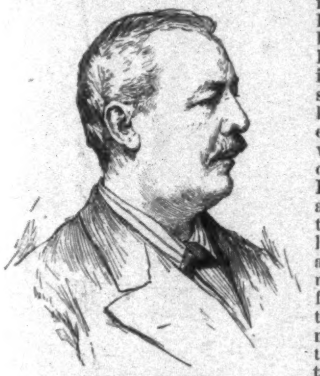
This is not all. The immunity from full taxation, now that the foreigners are among the richest inhabitants of Cairo, is most manifestly unjust, and though the mixed courts of an international judiciary have done away with trial of the foreign resident, or lack of trial, by the several consuls-general, the abuses of the capitulations are still a grievous and most unjust imposition by the great powers, ourselves included, upon a weaker one. To return to the Dual Control and to the story of the growth of the foreigners' hold on Egypt. The Dual Control was unpopular; so was the foreigner and his capitulations, who, waxing fat on the weaknesses of the country after Ismail's debauchery of its strength, grew insolent—so insolent that the cry raised by a general in the Khedive's army of "Egypt for the Egyptians" was taken up, and found expression in the Arabist movement or rebellion. Its leader was Arabi Pasha. He wanted what the Know-Nothing party of America wanted—his country for his countrymen. What else he wanted for himself does not matter here. He was, in the eyes of the Khedive, a rebel. In the eyes of some of the people he was the preserver of his country against the plague of the foreign invasion.

The trouble began at Alexandria, where the excited people attacked the foreign residents, killing some, and destroying valuable property. Men-of-war of the two powers represented in the Dual Control had already arrived to put down the rebellion. When the riot on shore was at its height, the English war-vessels bombarded the city. The bombarding of Alexandria was war, but it was not magnificent. There are certain things made to be bombarded—forts and ships of war—but cities are not built for that purpose or with that ultimate end in view. The English people, as a people, however, regret the bombardment of Alexandria as much as any one. The French war-vessels, for their part, refused to join the bombardment, and so were requested by the English admiral to sail away and give the other half of the Dual Control a clear field. Different people give you different reasons for the departure of the French fleet at this crisis. Some say that M. Clemenceau, who hated M. Freycinet and his policy, possibly raised the cry of the German wolf on the frontier, and pointed out the danger at home if the army and navy were engaged otherwise than in protecting the border. Others say that, like the good one of the two robbers in the *Babes in the Wood*, one of the Dual Control drew the line at murder or at the bombardment of a country she was supposed to protect. Plundering the Egyptians was possible, but not bombarding their city. They stopped at that. The English followed up the bombardment of Alexandria by the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, which ended the rebellion. The Citadel of Cairo surrendered at their approach, and the Khedive's rule was again undisturbed. The English remained, however, to "restore order," and to see to the "organization of proper means for the maintenance of the Khedive's authority." They have been doing that now for ten years, and it is interesting to note that they have made so little progress that the last "disorder" in Cairo was due to the action of the British consul-general himself in allowing the young Khedive just twenty-four hours in which to dismiss one of his cabinet. This can hardly be described as "maintaining the authority of the Khedive."

After the battle of Tel-el-Kebir the English stood undoubtedly in the position of the saviors of the Khedive if not of Egypt. They had crushed the rebellion, and as they had sent their Only General and one of the royal family and many thousands of good men to do it, and as they had lost not only men, but money, they thought they deserved something in return. The something they have taken in return has been taken gradually, and is the control of Egypt at the present day. It is possible that had the English not lost many more men and much more money in the campaign in the Soudan, which followed immediately after the suppression of Arabi, they might not have gone so far as they have gone in settling themselves in Egypt. But there was a not unnatural feeling that the Soudan campaign, which had cost so much, and which was a failure in all but in showing the bravery of the British troops, ought to be paid for, or made up to the English in some way. I should like to go into the story of this most picturesque and heroic of campaigns, but it would require a book by itself. Its history is briefly this: The religious and military chieftain known as "the Mahdi," shortly after the defeat of Arabi, threatened all Egypt from the Soudan, which rose under his leadership. General Hicks, an Englishman, with ten thousand men, in the service of the Khedive, was sent against him. He was killed, and most of the troops with him. The English, who were at that time the only power in Egypt with authority of any sort back of it, and who were virtually in control, felt that they should take the responsibilities of their position as well as its benefits, and avenge the massacre, drive back the Mahdi's forces, and, if possible, crush him and them for all time. The campaign was later further complicated by the presence at Khartoom of Major-General C. G. Gordon, who had gone there to lead back in safety the Egyptian troops still remaining in the Soudan. He was, after his arrival at Khartoom, virtually a prisoner at that place, which is a mud city on the banks of the Nile far above the fifth cataract. The attempts to rescue him and to suppress the Mahdi were equally unsuccessful. This is, in a few words, the story of a campaign which has been unequalled within the last twenty years in picturesqueness, heroism, and dramatic surprises. It had been said that the old days of personal bravery, of hand-to-hand slaughter, and of the attack and defence of man against man, were at an end; that owing to the new weapons of war, by which an enemy can be attacked when several miles distant from the attacking party, when the pressing of an electric button destroys an army corps, and when turning a handle will send three hundred bullets a minute into a mass of infantry, the necessity for personal courage was over. On the one hand were the naked supporters of the Mahdi, armed with their spears and knives, and protected only by bull-hide shields, but actuated by a religious fanaticism that drove them exulting at their enemies, and with no fear of death, but with the belief that through it they would gain joyous and proud immortality. Against them were the British troops, outnumbered ten to one, with hundreds of miles of sandy desert before, behind, and on every side of them, cut off from communication with the outside world, in a country barren and unfamiliar, and attacked by tens of thousands, who came when they pleased and where they pleased, rising as swiftly as a sand-storm rises, and disappearing again as suddenly into the desert.

When I was in Cairo I was told of one of the Mahdi's men who continually rushed at a British square during an engagement holding his shield clear of his body as he advanced to throw a spear, and then retreated again. This looked like the worst form of foolhardiness to the English, until they saw that he was protecting with his shield his little boy, who was hiding behind it, and that when the chance offered, this child, who could not have been more than seven, and who was as naked of protection as his father, would throw a spear of his own. The father was wounded four times, but each time the bullet struck him he only shook himself, as a dog shakes off water, and once more rushed forward. When he fell for the last time, the boy tumbled across him, unconscious from a wound in his thigh. The surgeons dressed this wound and bandaged it; but when the child came to and saw what they had done, he leapt up and tore the clothes from around him, and then, as the blood from the reopened wound ran out, fell over backwards dead. The English officer who told this story asked if fighting such men could be considered agreeable work from any point of view.

But the Soudan is only of interest here as showing how, having lost so much through it, the British did not feel more inclined than before to evacuate Egypt, although there were many who thought, as a few still think, that Egypt has cost them too much already, and more than they can ever get back. The loss of Gordon was perhaps the disaster of all the most keenly felt. How keenly is shown partly by the statue the English have placed to him in Trafalgar Square, surrounded by their kings and greatest generals. It shows him with one foot placed on the battlement of Khartoom, with his arms folded, and with the head thrown slightly forward, looking out, as he had done for so many weary months, for the relief that came too late. This monument is a reproach to those whose uncertainty of mind and purpose cost Gordon his life. It was doing a brave thing to put it up in a public place, being, as it is, a standing reminder of the neglect and half-heartedness that lost a valuable life, and one that had been risked again and again for his country. It is not only a monument to General Gordon, but to the English people who have had the courage to admit in bronze and stone that they were wrong.

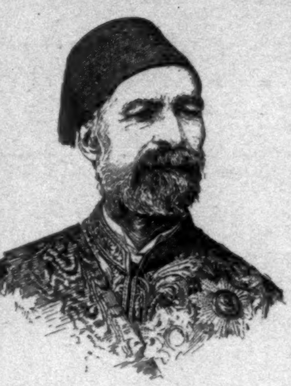

LORD CROMER,
The English Diplomatic Agent in Egypt.

For the last ten years the English have been as tardy in getting out of Egypt as they were in going after Gordon into the Soudan. They have repeatedly declared their intention of evacuating the country, not only in answer to questions in the House, but in answer to the inquiries of foreign powers. But they are still there. They have not been idle while there, and they have accomplished much good, and have brought benefits innumerable to Egypt. They have improved her systems of irrigation, upon which the prosperity of the land depends, have strengthened her army, have done away with the corvee, or tax paid on labor, and with the kurbash, or whip used in punishment, and, what is much the most wonderful, they have brought her out of ruin into such a condition of prosperity that she not only pays the interest on her enormous debt, but has a little left over for internal improvements. There has also been a marked change for the better in the condition of the courts of justice, and there has been an extension of a railroad all along the Nile.

But the English to-day not only want credit for having done all this, but they want credit for having done it unselfishly and without hope or thought of reward, and solely for the good of mankind and of Egypt in particular. They remind me of those of the G. A. R. who not only want pensions and medals, but to be considered unselfish saviors of their country in her hour of need. There is no reason why a man should not be held in honor for risking his life for his country's sake, and honors, if he wants them, should be heaped upon him, but not money too. He either served his country because he was loyal and brave, or because he wanted money in return for taking certain risks. Let him have either the honors or the money, but he should not be so greedy as to want both. England has made a very good thing out of Egypt, and she has not yet got all she will get, but she wants the world to forget that and look upon her as an unselfish and enlightened nation that is helping a less prosperous and less powerful nation to get upon her feet again. Of course it is none of our business (at least it is our policy to say so) whether England stalks forth like a roaring lion seeking what she may devour all over the world. Americans travel chiefly upon the Continent, and unless they go into out-of-the-way corners of the world they have no idea how little there is left of it that has not been seized by the people of Great Britain. For my own part I find one grows a little tired of getting down and sailing forth and landing again always under the shadow of the British flag. If the United States should begin with Hawaii and continue to annex other people's property, we should find that almost all of the best corner lots and post-office sites of the world have been already pre-empted. Senator Wolcott once said to Senator Quay: "I understand, Quay, you want the chairmanship of the Library Committee. You seem to want the earth; if you don't look out you will interfere with my plans."

If the United States should take away the little princess's island from her and continue to plunder weaker nations, she would find that England wants the earth too, and that she is in a fair way of getting it if some one does not stop her very soon. There are a number of good people in England who believe that for the last ten years their countrymen have spent their time and money in redeeming Egypt as a form of missionary work, and there are others quite as naïve who put the whole thing in a word by saying, "What would we do with our younger sons if it was not for Egypt?"

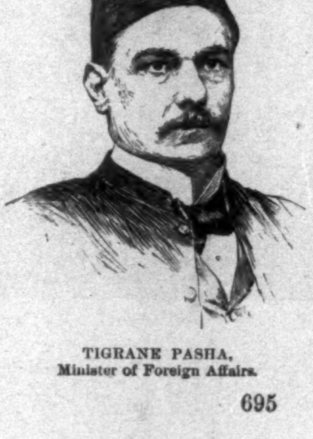
Three-fourths of the officers in the army of the Khedive are English boys, who rank as second lieutenants at home and as majors in Egypt. They are paid just twice what they are paid in the English army, and it is the Khedive who pays them and not the English. In this way England obtains three things: she is saved the cost of supporting that number of officers; she gets the benefit of their experience in Egypt, which is an excellent training-school, at the expense of the Egyptians; and she at the same time controls the Egyptian army by these same officers, and guards her own interests at Egypt's cost. As if this were not enough, she plants an Army of Occupation upon the country, for which Egypt pays as well; that is, she makes the Khedive support the troops who menace his authority. This is like making the prisoners in a jail subscribe toward paying the salary of the wardens and the guards. The irrigation of Egypt has of late been carried on by Englishmen entirely and paid for by Egypt; her railroads are built by the English; her big contracts are given out to English firms and to English manufacturers; and the railroad which has just been built to Kosseir on the Red Sea may have been built in Egypt's interest to carry wheat, or it may have been planned to carry troops to the Red Sea in the event of the seizure of the Suez Canal or of any other impediment to the shortest route to India. We may not believe that the Egyptians are capable of governing themselves, we may believe that it is written that others than themselves shall always rule them and their country, but we must prefer that whoever do this should declare themselves openly, and act as conquerors who come and remain as conquerors, and not as "advisers" and restorers of order. Napoleon came to Cairo with flags flying and drums beating openly as an enemy; he did not come in the disguise of a missionary or an irrigation expert. And there is always the question whether if left alone the Egyptians of the present day could not govern themselves. Those of the Egyptians I met who were in authority are not men who are likely to return to the debauchery and misrule of Ismail. They would be big men in any country; they are cultivated, educated gentlemen, who have served in different courts or on many important diplomatic missions, and whose tastes and ambitions are as creditable and as broad as are those of their English contemporaries.


RIAZ PASHA,
Prime Minister of Egypt.

The two most prominent advisers of the Khedive at present are his Prime Minister, Riaz Pasha, and his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Tigrane Pasha. The first of these is a Turk, the second an Armenian and a Christian. It is told of Riaz that he was brought to Egypt when a boy as a slave. A man who can rise from such a beginning to be Prime Minister must have something in him. He showed his spirit and his desire for his country's good in the time of Ismail, whose extravagances both he and Nubar Pasha strenuously opposed, and his aid to the English in establishing Egyptian finance on a firmer footing was ready and invaluable. He has held almost every position in the cabinet of Egypt, and is not too old a man to learn new methods, and if left alone is experienced and accomplished enough as a statesman to manage for himself.

Tigrane Pasha struck me as being more of a diplomat than a statesman, but he showed his strength by the fact that he understood the weak points of the Egyptians as well as their virtues. It is not the enthusiast who believes that all in his country is perfect who is the best patriot. To say that such a man as this—a man who has a better knowledge of many different governments than half of the English cabinet have of their own, and who wishes the best for his Khedive and his country—needs the advice or support of an English resident minister, is as absurd as to say that the French cabinet should govern themselves by the manifestoes of the Comte de Paris. These men are not barbarians nor despots; they have not gained their place in the world by favor or inheritance. Their homes are as rich in treasures of art and history and literature as are the homes of Lord Rosebery or Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and if they care for their country and the authority of their Khedive, it is certainly hard that they may not have the right of serving both undisturbed.

The Khedive himself has been very generally represented through the English press as a "sulky boy" who does not know what is best for him. It is just as easy to describe him as a plucky boy who wishes to govern his own country and his own people in his own way. And not only is he not allowed to do this, but he is treated with a lack of consideration by his protectors which adds insult to injury, and makes him appear as having less authority than is really his. He might very well say to Lord Cromer, "It was all very well to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me down stairs?"

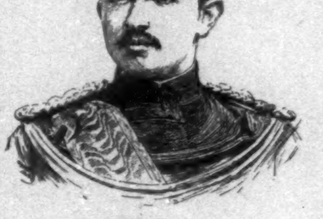

TIGRANE PASHA,
Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Sir Evelyn Baring, now Lord Cromer, and the ruling figure in Egypt, has served his country as faithfully and as successfully as any man in her debt to-day. He has been in Egypt from the beginning of these ten years, and he has been given almost unlimited power and authority by his own country, of which his nominal position of Consul-General and Diplomatic Agent is no criterion. He is a typical Englishman in appearance, broad-shouldered and big all over, with a smooth-shaven face, and the look of having just come fresh from a bath. In conversation he thinks much more of what he has to say than of how he says it; by that I mean that he is direct, and even abrupt; the Egyptians found him most unpleasantly so. But were he more tactful, he would probably have been better liked personally, but would not have succeeded in doing what he has done so well.

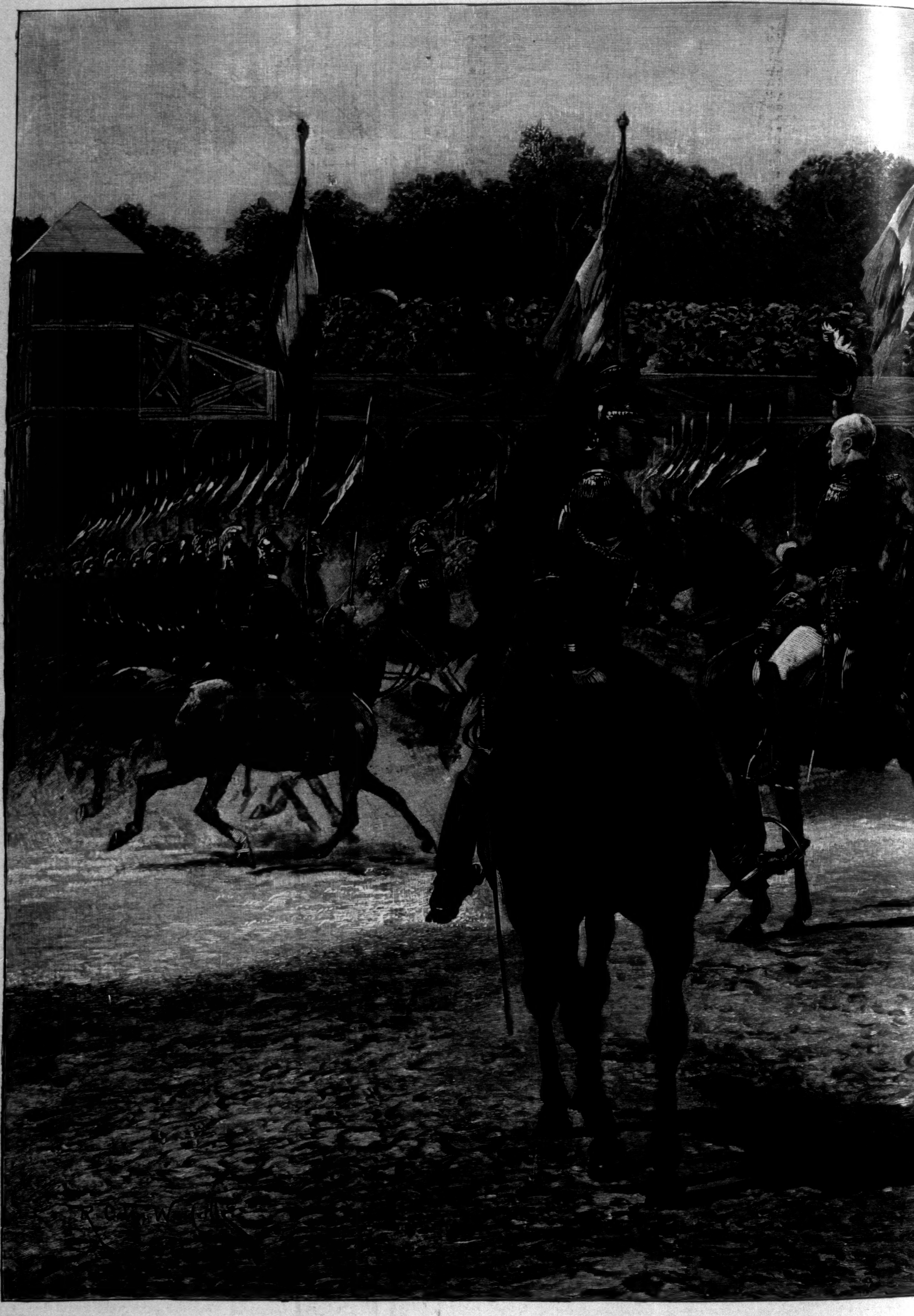
I do not like what he has done, but I want to be fair in showing that for the work he was sent to do he is probably the best man England could have selected. A man less self-reliant might have feared to compromise himself with home authorities, and would have temporized and lost where Lord Cromer bullied and browbeat and won. He is a very remarkable man. He reads Homer for a half-hour every day after breakfast, and plays tennis in the afternoon. When he is in his own study, with a pipe in his mouth, he can talk more interestingly and with more exact knowledge of Egypt than any man in the world, and your admiration for him is unbounded. In the rooms of the legation, on the contrary, or, again, when advising a minister of the Khedive or the Khedive himself, he can be as intensely disagreeable in his manner and as powerfully aggressive as a polar-bear. During the last so-called "crisis" he gave the Khedive twenty-four hours in which to dismiss his Prime Minister. He did this on his own authority, knowing or trusting that the home government would support him. He then cabled with one hand to Malta for troops and with the other stopped the Black Watch at Aden on their way to India, and called them back to Cairo, after which he went out in full sight of the public and banged tennis balls about until sunset. A man who can call out "forty, love!" "forty, fifteen!" in a calm voice two hours after sending an ultimatum to a Khedive and disarranging the movements of 6000 of her Majesty's troops will get what he wants in the end, and a boy of eighteen is hardly a fair match for him. As I have said, the English press have misrepresented the young Khedive in many ways. He is, in the first place, much older both in appearance and manner and thought than his age would suggest, and if he is sulky to Englishmen it is not to be wondered at. They could hardly expect his Highness to regard them as seriously as his friends as they regard themselves. The Khedive gave me a private audience at the Abdine Palace while I was in Cairo, and from what he said then and from what others who are close to him told me of him, I got a very different idea of his personality than I had received from the English.

He struck me as being distinctly obstinate—a characteristic which is so marked in our President that it can only be considered one of the qualifications for success, and is probably the quality in the Khedive which the English describe as sulkiness. What I liked about him most was his pride in his army and in the Egyptian people as Egyptians. It is always well that a ruler should be so enthusiastic over what is his own that he shows it even to the casual stranger, for if he exhibits it to him, how much more will he show it to his people! The Khedive has gentle tastes, and is said to find his amusement in his garden and among flowers and on the farm lands of his estates; he speaks several languages very well, and dresses and looks—except for the fez and his attendants—like any other young man of twenty-three or twenty-four in Paris or New York. His ministers who know him best describe him as having a high spirit, and one that, as he grows older and will be guided by greater experience, will lead him to firmer authority for his own good and for the good of his people.

One remark of the Khedive's which is of interest to Americans was to the effect that the officers in his army who had been trained by Stone Bey, and those other American officers who entered the Egyptian army after the end of our civil war, were, in his opinion, the best-trained men in their particular department in his army. This is the topographical work, and the making of maps and drawings, but those Americans who are in charge of Egyptian troops on the frontier are also well esteemed. It is the English, however, who have made the fighting part of the army what it is. Before they came the troops were unpaid, and badly treated by their officers, but now the infantry and the camel corps and artillery have no trouble in getting recruits.


ABBAS II.,
Khedive of Egypt.

The Egyptian is not a natural fighter, as is the Soudanese, who fights for love of it, but he has shown lately that when properly officered and trained and well treated, he can defend a position or attack boldly if led boldly. I suggested to the Khedive that he should borrow some of our officers, those who have succeeded so well with the negroes of the Ninth Cavalry and with the Indians, for it seemed to me that this would be of benefit to both the officers and the Egyptian soldier. It was this suggestion that called forth the Khedive's admiration for the American officers of his army; but, as a matter of fact, the English would never allow officers of any other nationality than their own to control even a company of the Egyptian army. They cannot turn out those foreigners who are already in, but they can dictate as to who shall come hereafter, and they fill all the good billets with their own people; and if there is one thing an Englishman apparently holds above all else, it is a "good billet." I know a good many English officers who would rather be stationed where there was a chance of their taking part in what they call a "show," and what we would grandly call a "battle," than dwell at ease on the staff of General Wolseley himself; but, on the other hand, if I were to give a list of all the subalterns who have applied to me for "good billets in America," where they seem to think fortunes grow on hedges, half the regimental colors from London to Malta would fade with shame. And Egypt is full of "good billets." It is true the English have made them good, and they were not worth much before the English restored order, but because you have humanely stopped a runaway coach from going over a precipice, that is no reason why you should take possession of it and fill it both inside and out with your own friends and relations. That is what England has done with the Egyptian coach which Ismail drove to the brink of bankruptcy. It is true the Khedive still sits on the box and holds the reins, but Lord Cromer sits beside him and holds the whip.



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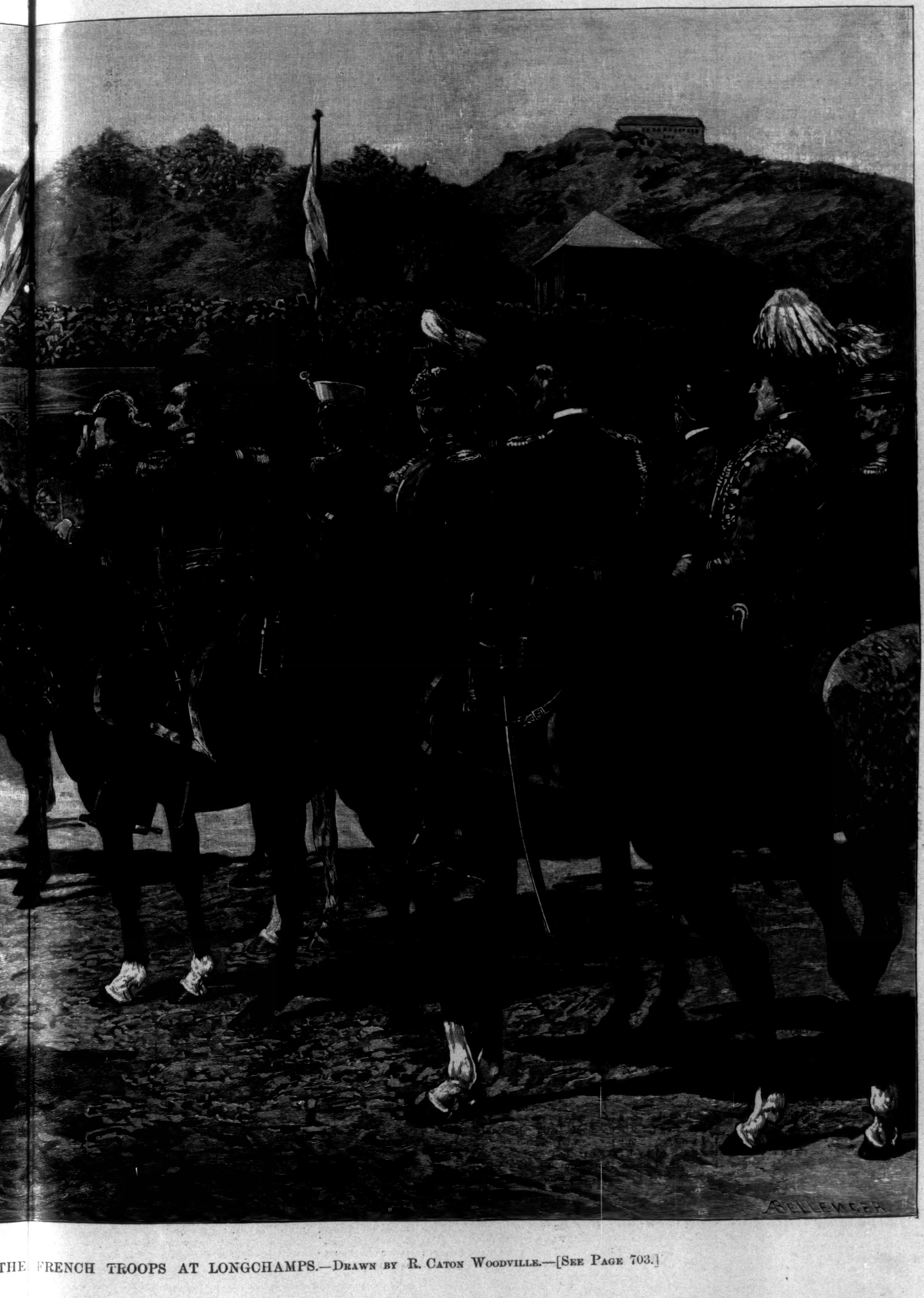


THE FRENCH TROOPS AT LONGCHAMPS.—Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.—[See Page 703.]

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.

BY HORACE WHITE.

TWO head-lines in juxtaposition in a morning newspaper attracted my notice the other day, viz.:

"Congressman Epes Wants a Substitute for Silver."

"How to Keep Out Cholera."

Why, I thought, should not these lines be transposed as follows:

CONGRESSMAN EPES WANTS A SUBSTITUTE FOR CHOLERA.

HOW TO KEEP OUT SILVER.

This put me upon the inquiry, Why do so many people who agree that the Sherman law ought to be repealed say that we must have something else in place of it? The wants of Brother Jonathan as regards money are the same in kind as the wants of John Bull. The latter is supposed to know a thing or two about money. Especially does he know where to get money when he finds himself running short of it. He asks Brother Jonathan or some of his other acquaintances to send him some of theirs. Then if they want money less than he does they send it. If they want it more than he does they keep it, or even make him send them some of his own. How do we know which of them wants it most? By observing which of them will pay most for it. The country that offers the highest rate of interest (coupled with equal security for the principal) will get the money, and *all* the money that it wants.

When the inquiry is put to me, What shall we have in place of the Sherman law? I reply: What does England have in place of the Sherman law? What does Europe in general have in place of the Sherman law? What does our nearest neighbor, Canada, have in place of the Sherman law? What did *we* have in place of the Sherman and the Allison laws before Congress bestowed those boons upon us? Is it not possible that getting rid of the Sherman law is itself the boon, and that asking a substitute for it is like asking a substitute for the cholera? As thus, "If you take the cholera from us, do at least give us the small-pox."

Now I am not indifferent to a good banking system. Such a system is indispensable to us, and will surely come after a few existing hallucinations pass away. But what I want to make clear now is that the demand for something to take the place of the Sherman law is based upon the idea that there is no such thing as gold in the world, or that if there is such a thing it is "not for the likes of us." It may be affirmed without the fear of contradiction that this is the only thing in the world that is too good for us, and the only thing that we cannot have if we want it. The spices of India, the silks of China, the diamonds of South Africa, the champagne of France, the glass of Bohemia, all these things we can have and do have in abundance; but gold, of which we are the largest single producer in the world, is much too precious for our use. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Austrians, Turks, anybody may have it, but not Americans. So we take it out of our Treasury at the rate of forty to fifty million dollars per year, and buy silver bullion with it in order to get a poorer kind of money—a kind poor enough for us. We cast a mournful look at our gold as it goes abroad, but it never occurs to us that it is a suitable thing to be used as money *by us*. If anybody whose memory goes back to the ante-bellum period makes a suggestion that gold is a good kind of money, the answer comes straightway that there is not enough of it to do the business of the world. This is generally taken as a knock-down argument. Logically, however, it implies that *if* there is not enough gold to do the business of the world, Brother Jonathan will resign his share to John Bull, or the Great Mogul, or anybody between, so that the Armenian wheat-buyer in the centre of Asia Minor may have a plentiful supply of napoleons to disburse among the buffalo-drivers of that country, or, as Thomas H. Benton said half a century ago, so that the free negroes of San Domingo may have a plentiful supply of a metal that the yeomanry of America have been deprived of.

Now what does England do without a Sherman law? In Heaven's name, what is her substitute for that? She has, in the first place, £15,500,000 of Bank of England notes issued against public securities; none of them, however, smaller than £5. It follows that everything in circulation smaller than £5 is gold and silver. The smallest gold piece is ten shillings, and the largest silver piece is five shillings. If commerce requires any more Bank notes of the denomination of £5 and upwards than the aforesaid £15,500,000, commerce can have them by paying gold at the bank at par for them. The Bank is required to give its notes for gold on these terms to any extent. It need not be British gold. It may be any gold that ever was mined. It may be byzants of the days of the Crusaders, or old Spanish doubloons, or a nugget just found in Montana. The Bank must take it at the rate of £3 17s. 10½d. per ounce of standard fineness and give its notes therefor, which notes are legal tender in the United Kingdom. This is obviously a contrivance for saving labor and time in handling, transporting, counting, or weighing gold. The gold is the real thing that thus gets into circulation.

I am not saying that this is a perfect monetary system. In fact, I do not consider it the best possible system even for England. I think that the Bank of France rests upon a more scientific basis. But the only point under consideration now is this: What is England's substitute for the Sherman law? We see that she makes shift to get along without buying 4,500,000 ounces of silver per month, and building vaults to hold it, and issuing legal-tender notes for it. How does she manage it? The answer is that she dips her hand into the world's gold reservoir, takes out what she needs, and goes about her business. Very remarkable, isn't it? England pays for the gold that she takes out of the reservoir, but we pay for the silver that we take out of the other reservoir. So the only difference is that we get silver and she gets gold. Anybody can see what her substitute for the Sherman law is. It does not require any great stretch of the imagination to infer that we might have a similar one if we wanted it.

In fact, our present laws would bring about this kind of a substitute if the Sherman law were simply repealed. Anybody who takes gold to the Treasury can get gold certificates to any amount in denominations of $20 or upwards, corresponding substantially to Bank of England notes issued against deposited gold. It is needless to say that gold eagles, half-eagles, and quarter-eagles would circulate in this country in the same way that sovereigns and half-sovereigns circulate in England, if the people wanted them. We are accustomed to the use of small notes, and we prefer them. It is needless to say that the government can issue small gold certificates as easily as small silver certificates or small greenbacks. The provision of the law which requires the Secretary of the Treasury to suspend the issue of gold certificates whenever the greenback reserve falls below $100,000,000 is a technical matter, and does not affect the principles under discussion.

This is another instance, of which history has so many examples, where the only thing needed is the repeal of a bad law. The only substitute required for the Sherman law is an influx of gold, and this will surely come when that law is repealed—will come to whatever extent more money is needed. This substitute for the Sherman law is perhaps too simple to be accepted by the "friends of silver," but it looks now as though they would have to try the experiment. Let them make a virtue of necessity and cultivate the friendship of gold for a short time. I predict that they will have more money in their pockets at the end of a twelvemonth, and what they have will be more generally current.

The "friends of silver" ought, by good rights, to take the silver bullion that has been accumulated in the Treasury under the Sherman law at the price the government has paid for it, but of course they cannot do this. The nation will have to bear that loss as best it can. To sell that silver, or any part of it, now or soon, would utterly smash the market. The disposition to be made of this metal will be one of the problems of the future, and will be all the more vexing as it will be complicated with the interests of our own silver-miners. Let us hope that we have heard the last of attempts, either national or international, to "sustain silver." All the attempts heretofore made have led to the production of larger supplies. It would be very strange if the production of a metal so widely distributed over the earth's crust should not keep up with the artificial demand created for it. And we may fairly ask why the government should sustain silver any more than turnips, or type-metal, or Babbitt-metal.

How did the country ever get in the frame of mind which made these successive silver laws possible? Neither our own country aforetime, nor any other country at any time, has ever done such a thing as to buy a money metal on a great scale and turn it into legal-tender coin. How did it happen that the universal Yankee nation came to be so befogged and befooled? The answer, as I think, is this: In matters financial, as in most sublunary affairs, the effect of to-day becomes the cause of to-morrow. The war caused the greenback and the legal-tender act, and these led people to believe that the government could make money. It is a great convenience to have plenty of money. If the government can make money, why should it not make money plenty? It came near to being an accepted doctrine a few years after the war that the government ought to increase the greenback issues, ostensibly to pay off the bonded debt, but really to make money plenty by means of cheap dollars. Only those who were in the thick of that fight know how near the inflationists came to winning it. But the absurdity of trying to enrich the nation by filling its belly with the east wind was too apparent. Inflation was killed in 1875, but there was stalking behind the greenback another cheap dollar, against which the same arguments could not be made effective. Silver, which had been too high in price to circulate on the ratio of 16 since that ratio was adopted by us in 1834, had fallen about ten per cent. This was better than nothing to the beaten inflationists. They looked at the law, and found that the silver dollar, the only legal-tender coin of that metal, had been abolished by an act of Congress passed in 1873, and that those of them who were members of Congress at that time had voted for it. So they said that they had been tricked and deceived, that this act of 1873 was a conspiracy against the debtor class, that it was passed secretly, that it had its beginning in England, and that a man named Ernest Seyd was sent over to this country with a corruption fund in his pocket to bribe Congressmen to vote for this measure. (Seyd, it should be remarked, was a stout bimetallist all his life, wrote a book in favor of bimetallism, and was eulogized as a champion of that cause in the Paris Conference of 1881.) These and similar untruths were accepted and believed by those who wanted the government to make money plentiful, but who had been beaten on that issue in 1875.

Believing these things honestly they determined to "undo the wrong." Many people who had no particular interest to be served by inflation really thought that a wrong had been done. Some of them thought that the wrong had been done to silver itself. They personified it and proclaimed their intention to avenge it. Avenging the wrongs of cornbread on people who do not like it would be quite as rational. As the battle became hot other queer notions advanced to the front and became part of the arsenal of the strife. It was said that gold was aristocratic, while silver was the poor man's money. Of course we all sympathize with the poor man, with his horse, his ox, and his dog. Why not with his money? It was not remembered that when we sympathize with the poor man we desire that he shall have a better horse, ox, and dog, and that logically we ought to wish him a better money.

All these crudities and oddities were carried into the political arena in 1876. Dominant over all was the idea that whatever wrongs had been done, whatever evils existed, they could be cured by voting. A Congress was elected which was to do something for or about silver, but what it should do was not settled in the minds of those who had so voted. The House passed the Bland bill remonetizing silver; the Senate substituted the Allison bill providing for government purchase and coinage. The latter was supported on the ground that the Bland bill would give an undue advantage to bullion brokers and speculators, while the Allison bill would save all this for the government. This was true, but it was not the whole truth. It satisfied the craving for "more money" which the greenbacks had whetted, but it did not provide any more, since every silver dollar cost a gold dollar. The government, indeed, made a nominal profit equal to the difference between silver and gold on the ratio of 16 to 1, but no citizen could get or ever did get a silver dollar for less value than a gold dollar.

After the Allison bill was passed the "friends of silver" settled down to the quiet and joyful contemplation of two million new dollars dropping from the Mint every month, not observing that this institution consumed two million gold dollars, or thereabouts, *pari passu*. Here were two operations going on side by side. The Mint, regarded as a manufacturing establishment, was buying bullion and selling coins, crediting itself with the difference between the raw material and the finished product. This was one operation. The other consisted of a people who needed a certain number of instruments of exchange called dollars for the transaction of their daily business. These instruments they paid for with their labor and their property at the rate of 100 cents per dollar. Obviously they could have whichever metal they preferred. Gold value will always bring gold, *ex vi termini*. But the silver dollars would not circulate abroad, while the gold ones would. So the gold ones went abroad, or (which is the same thing) staid abroad, whereas they would have come here to meet a demand for instruments of exchange which must be satisfied. This is the other operation. Taken together, anybody can see that the Allison bill did not make money more plentiful, although it seemed to do so.

In no wise different, as regards this matter, was the Sherman law, as it is commonly called, which was substituted for the Allison law in July, 1890. The latter provided for an increase in the government's purchases of silver. The intention was to double the purchases, and to require from the silver men in return the concession that the government should redeem its silver issues, of all kinds, in gold. This arrangement was carried out. The point we are considering now relates to the supply of money. The operation was identical with the operation under the Allison law. It made not the least difference whether the bullion that the government bought was coined and stored and certificates issued for the coins, or whether the bullion was stored in bulk and notes issued for a sum corresponding with its cost. In neither case could the amount of money in the country be thus increased, because each silver dollar takes the place of a gold one in the manner above described.

It is possible, however, that the amount of money in the country may be lessened by the process, and this is what I think has taken place. A large part of the floating capital in the country belongs to foreigners, who have placed it here for the sake of a higher rate of interest than they can get at home. They can withdraw this money when they choose to do so. They will surely do so if they think that the country is on the eve of a change in the standard of value by which they may lose a part of the principal. Thus it may happen, and does happen, that money is a drug in London, while in New York and all over the United States it is terribly scarce. As I write these lines (July 10th) I read in the cablegrams from London that "the rate of discount in the open market for three months bills is 1⅛ to 1¼ per cent." Also that "short-time money is unlendable in Lombard Street." In Wall Street, on the other hand, we read: "The demand for money is large and urgent, as merchants have reduced their indebtedness to a point where business must be curtailed or loans obtained. Rates are high, but to obtain good-sized amounts they would be willing to accede to them. Nominal quotations are 8 to 12 per cent." Why does not some of this unlendable Lombard Street money come to Wall Street to participate in the "nominal" 8 to 12 per cent. loans which are here obtainable? "Nominal" means, in this case, that the borrowers who are accommodated at all are accommodated at that rate, but that there is a still larger number who are not accommodated on any terms.

I conclude this article by saying that the right "substitute for silver" that so many people in and out of Congress are looking for is gold. This reminds me, as Mr. Lincoln used to say, of a little story, and it is one out of a hundred thousand or so that I heard Mr. Lincoln himself tell. A certain man who had been in poor health for a number of years went to consult a celebrated physician. The doctor questioned him a long time about his symptoms and his habits of life, and finally advised him to get a large tub of tepid water and a pound of soap and a flesh-brush; to take off all his clothing, get into the water, lather himself from head to foot with the soap, and then apply the brush vigorously to his cuticle, agitating himself in the water meanwhile. "Is not that very much like washing one's self?" asked the patient. "Yes," replied the doctor, "it is open to that objection." If anybody objects to my substitute for silver on account of its simplicity, I acknowledge that it is open to that objection.

MR. JUSTICE BLATCHFORD.

BY JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

The death of a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States is necessarily at all times an event of national interest. The character and personal weight of the individual judges who constitute that Court are in each instance a matter of vast importance to the whole country, for it has not only to deal with the gravest questions of law and momentous property interests, but in construing and maintaining the written Constitution of the United States, and in moulding and adapting its principles to the ever-changing conditions and the rapid growth of the country, it performs a unique judicial function which no other court in the world has ever been called upon to discharge. That it has proved wholly adequate to the performance of this great duty is manifest from the success of the experiment by which a Constitution made for the thirteen little Atlantic States with their three millions of people has grown by construction with the growth of the nation, until now, after a century's trial, it exactly satisfies the common needs of the forty-four States with their seventy millions of inhabitants, occupying the whole breadth of the continent. The jurists and statesmen of other nations have studied with equal wonder and admiration this remarkable result, which has been due not more to the foresight of the framers of the Constitution than to the wisdom and common-sense of the judges who have administered it.

Judge Blatchford, in his ten years of service in the Court, has borne his full share of its great labors and duties, and leaves a name and a record deservedly high upon the roll of its associate members. His whole judicial career of more than a quarter of a century upon the Federal bench has been one of patient and laborious study and self-discipline. His acquired experience and learning were of immense value to the business of the Court, so that down to the close of the last term in which he sat he was one of its most useful members, and was in each year of his progress a better judge than he had been before. Up to the time of his appointment by President Arthur the tradition and general practice had been rather in favor of selecting men fresh from the bar—among its prominent leaders, or judges already distinguished in the State courts—for vacancies in the Supreme Court; but the departure in his case was a wise one, giving the nation in its great court of last resort the benefit of long experience acquired in its inferior courts. It has since been followed in other cases with great success, and may well be encouraged as the general rule.

Although Justice Blatchford was of recent English descent, his grandfather, who was a dissenting minister in England, having emigrated to this country in the latter part of the last century, his father, Richard M. Blatchford, who himself became a successful and prominent lawyer and a public-spirited citizen of conspicuous position, was born and bred in Connecticut, the land of steady habits, and seems to have transmitted to his distinguished son those habits of industry, frugality, and upright conduct which went to the making of successful and useful men in New England in those days. No yeoman on the banks of the Connecticut ever followed his plough with more untiring patience than did Judge Blatchford labor with his pen and his brain from early manhood down to the day when for the last time he put off his judicial robe. He was born in New York on March 9, 1820, and had the good fortune to prepare for college under Dr. Charles Anthon—still remembered in New York as a great scholar and a wise teacher, a rare combination anywhere or at any time. He entered Columbia College at the age of thirteen—a signal proof of a well-spent boyhood not largely wasted in unnecessary vacations—and there he graduated in 1837.

Before attaining his majority he became intimately associated with Governor William H. Seward as his private secretary, and so continued until he came of age in 1841, and having been admitted to the bar in the following year, he commenced the practice of the profession in New York with his father, who, among other large employments, was counsel of the Bank of England in the United States—a connection continued to this day in the office which he founded. In 1845, however, after Governor Seward's term had expired, and he had resumed the practice of the law at Auburn, he invited Mr. Blatchford to join him there. They practised as partners until 1854, when Mr. Seward's absorption in public life practically terminated his professional labors. This long-continued intimacy and daily contact with so great a man as Governor Seward afforded the young lawyer rare opportunities for growth and development—as such contact always does, but are not always improved as he improved them, for when in 1854 he returned to New York and took up again the threads that he had dropped in his father's office, establishing on its foundation with Clarence A. Seward the firm of Blatchford, Seward, & Griswold, he came as a thoroughly equipped lawyer, highly competent for every branch of professional service, and already familiar with the principles of public and international law. On May 3, 1867, he was appointed United States District Judge for the Southern District of New York, in place of Judge Samuel R. Betts. Judge Betts had been a great admiralty judge in his day, but had become superannuated, and it severely taxed his powers to deal with the great questions of prize and of public law, of vast importance to the community, which flooded the Federal courts, and especially his court, in the years of the war and of reconstruction. It was hardly a well-kept secret that for some years he had received most able assistance from Mr. Blatchford, so that when his resignation and the appointment of Mr. Blatchford in his place were announced, the advent of so well-equipped a judge to a place of such transcendent importance was received with great satisfaction, both by the profession and the community. He fully met the public expectation, and but for his unfailing industry and vigor the court would have been swamped by the vast pressure of business which was thrust upon it in the five years of his incumbency. The passage of the Bankrupt Act, with all the new questions of principle and of practice which it involved, threw upon the District Judge in New York a volume of business which for a long while was sufficient to occupy the entire time of a single judge, and the other business of the Federal courts grew apace in all directions, but he devoted day and night to hard work, and was able to cope with it as few other men could have done. He at once took a front rank among admiralty judges, and in that interesting branch of jurisprudence he has always been recognized as a leading authority. In 1872, upon the death of Alexander S. Johnson, one of the wisest and most honest judges that ever sat upon the bench, he was promoted to the office of United States Circuit Judge of the Second Circuit, and here for ten years more he grappled alone and unaided with an ever-increasing mass of business which tasked even his great power of labor to the utmost. It was here that he attained to great distinction in patent cases, and settled the law and fact as to many intricate and complicated inventions that came before him. It is generally supposed that the chief function of the court in patent causes consists in the solution of subtle and technical questions in the arts and mechanics, but, after all, common-sense is the great solvent of most of them, as the perusal of the opinions in such cases will show, and in this leading and essential quality Judge Blatchford never failed. It was well for the community that he was a man of some wealth, and was willing and able to serve it for fifteen years on the Federal bench in New York with the inadequate compensation which the niggardly policy of Congress doled out to its district and circuit judges, but he could not have been more faithful and diligent if he had been in the annual receipt of the crowning pecuniary rewards of the leaders of the bar. His patience was inexhaustible, and he well withstood the temptations of the exercise of almost uncontrolled power in the court of which he was the sole judge. The annoyances and the undue pressure of business to which he was always exposed were sufficient sometimes to put to the test his calmness and self-restraint, but the good-will of the members of the bar and the general esteem of the community followed him to Washington when President Arthur in 1882 appointed him to succeed Judge Ward Hunt—with that general approbation of the country which ought always to be required for an appointment to the Supreme Court.

The transfer from presiding over the hand-to-hand conflicts at the bar in the district and circuit courts to the serene atmosphere and calm repose of that dignified tribunal must have been most grateful and welcome to Judge Blatchford after his fifteen years of arduous service. He had attained the summit of his ambition, and devoted his remaining years with the same unsparing industry to the discharge of the exalted and responsible duties of his office. Although he was always an ardent Republican, politics never reached or touched him on the bench, but, as was quite inevitable in one of his decided Federal, Whig, and Republican predilections, he concurred in all those great decisions of the Court rendered in his time which recognized and confirmed the supreme and exclusive power of the Federal government in all matters committed to it by the Constitution, and also in certain decisions which, as some of us think, extended that power beyond its legitimate bounds. In fact, he seldom joined in dissent. His vote, where the Court has been divided, will generally be found with the majority, for he deemed it the true policy and duty of the Court to be a unit as far as possible. He was a fair-minded judge, and in more than one signal instance will be found to have overruled himself without hesitation or ill humor when convinced of his previous error. This quality is rarer than might be wished for among judges, especially old judges, with whom experience sometimes increases positiveness and self-will.

Upon the whole, it may be said that Mr. Justice Blatchford has had a most distinguished and useful judicial career, and has left a vacancy which cannot easily be filled. The President can hardly hope to find a man either at the bar or on the bench who will at the start combine his large and varied experience, great learning, power of labor, unfailing industry, manly vigor, and high character. Judges as a rule should have a chance to grow upon the bench, as he did, and generally this can only be done by appointing comparatively young men, and giving them an opportunity to develop as he developed.

A SIASCONSETT DAY.

The tricksy spirit of the wind 's at play
Upon the meadow gold with buttercups,
The sky is cloudless like a waste of pearl,
And white and crisp the restless billows roll
And frolic on the shining beryl sea.

Their music breathes in tender undertones,
Like a sweet prelude to a pleasant sleep,
'Broidered with blissful dreams that hold the heart
Captive to all their subtle witcheries.

The earth is held in a most blissful spell—
A sense of music with no jarring note
Invests the scene with airy loveliness,
And looking o'er the land and o'er the wave

Wedded in so serene a harmony,
Like the white gull that drifts on idle wing,
I feel it is a boundless perfect joy
To live and breathe upon a day like this.

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

VIII.—TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER WITH WOLVES.

"Speaking," said Jackson Peters, "of the ingenuity of man—I just spoke of it myself," he explained hastily, as he eyed Jones. "Speaking of—"

"Pardon me, Jackson; one moment, please, before we listen to your fascinating narrative," broke in Jones, with great suavity. "It occurs to me that you may be a descendant of that historic man who had but one story, a long-gun story. You remember he used to bring his fist down on the table after dinner with a terrific bang, and then remark: 'I declare, sounds like a gun, doesn't it? Oh, by-the-way, speaking of guns,' and then he would reel off his gun story for the next thirty minutes. Father's or mother's side, Jackson?"

"You are in uncommonly high spirits, Jones," replied Jackson Peters. "Perhaps we are to be favored to-night with the exact facts in regard to your encounter with the blue-racer, having taken a month since you promised it to construct them. My reference to the ingenuity of man was legitimate, and was prompted by the subtlety of the waiter in whisking away an imaginary fly with his napkin in the hope of augmenting his tip. From that I was about to tell of a Texas horse-thief I had just read of who ten years ago had the operation of tracheotomy performed on himself and a silver tube inserted through which he could breathe. He has been lynched twenty-three times since that, but as the rope always comes above the tube—"

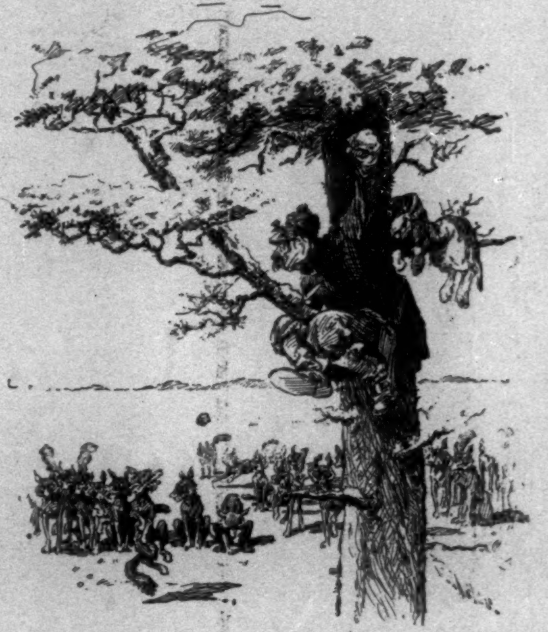
The young man was interrupted by a cheery laugh from Jones. "Really," broke in this individual, "that *was* an ingenious idea. Do you know, Jackson, I believe you come of a clever family."

"Thank you, Jones."

"Extraordinarily clever family. I knew as soon as I gathered that the fellow was another uncle of yours that he'd do something bright, but I was hardly prepared for this. Friends have in the past been so kind as to say that I am myself ingenious in getting out of difficulty, but I never rose to anything like that. I remember a little brush I had with wolves in northern Wisconsin before the war. The wolves there were of the large timber variety, and it being a hard winter, they were constantly hungry."

"But, Jones," interposed Robinson, "somebody mentioned the blue-racer story?"

"Not to-night, Robinson; not to-night. I have got to look up certain facts and figures which I noted in my diary at the time before I can trust myself with that. I would not deceive you about that blue-racer for anything in the world. There are always temptations in a blue-racer story which I must guard against. Those wolves, I repeat, seemed always to have a gnawing sensation in the stomach. They were fierce and dangerous, and would readily attack a man even when there were no more than two or three of them together. One day in January I was going from Ojibway City to Pomme de Terre River on foot, accompanied only by my dog, which was named Bones, from his fondness for this article of diet. He was a good dog, but he had read somewhere that discretion is the better part of valor. Bones was not a dog that would ever go about the country asking folks in his poor dumb way where he could probably find a large pack of wolves. If a wolf ever succeeded in meeting Bones he had to bring good letters of introduction from mutual friends. When about fifteen miles from Pomme de Terre I noticed that Bones was becoming uneasy. Five minutes later I observed that he was wearing the hair on his back pompadour. I suspected wolves, and I was right. They soon came up, not fifty yards behind. There were at least one hundred of them—large, gaunt, hungry, savage wolves. Their fierce howls reverberated through the startled forest like the diabolical shrieks of frenzied demons in torment. I saw that a hand-to-hand conflict with them was out of the question. Flight was my only hope. Picking up Bones by the nape of the neck I tucked him under my arm and started. For forty minutes, gentlemen, I ran like a cat in a dog show. I suppose I covered ten miles, notwithstanding that the snow was deep in some places and in others the underbrush interfered. The wolves kept close behind. When I turned my head I could feel their hot, venomous breath on my cheek. They leaped up and nipped at the tail of poor Bones, which was waving and tossing behind on the terrific wind which my flight engendered like the plume of a knight of old going into battle. Their howl, weird and hideous as the sinking wail of ten thousand lost souls, shook the pine needles from the trees and tore the nerves of the unfortunate Bones in a way which was painful to see. At the end of ten miles I began to tire. A large spruce-tree stood in my path, and I climbed it. Perching myself on a lower limb, some fifty feet from the ground, and tying Bones in place on another with a bit of string, I looked down on the angry surging sea of wolves below. I felt safe, and lit my pipe and gave my faithful dog a ham-bone which I had in my pocket. But soon, to my surprise, the wolves began most extraordinary tactics. Nothing less, gentlemen, than gnawing down the tree. One hundred sets of ravenous fangs tore and bit at the trunk. I saw that the tree could not stand half an hour. I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and began to look at the situation seriously. I noticed on the branches about me chunks of raw spruce-gum about the size of my fist. Taking my pocket-knife, I pried one off and dropped it to a wolf below. He snapped his jaws together upon it with famished greed. He never opened them again, the resinous mass holding them firm as a vise. At the end of twenty minutes I had the jaws of every wolf welded together past all hope of opening. I then descended with Bones, who now barked savagely and attacked the wolves with great spirit. With his assistance I drove the baffled, helpless creatures to Pomme de Terre like a flock of sheep. There was at that time $10 bounty on wolves. We rounded them up in the court-house yard, and I drew $1000 from the county treasurer, after which I repaired to the Le Grand Monarque Hotel and ordered supper, not forgetting to bespeak the largest soup-bone in town for my trusty dog. I returned to Ojibway City the next day, but saw no wolves. That is all, gentlemen. Pardon the tameness of my narrative; I doubt not our time might have been better employed."

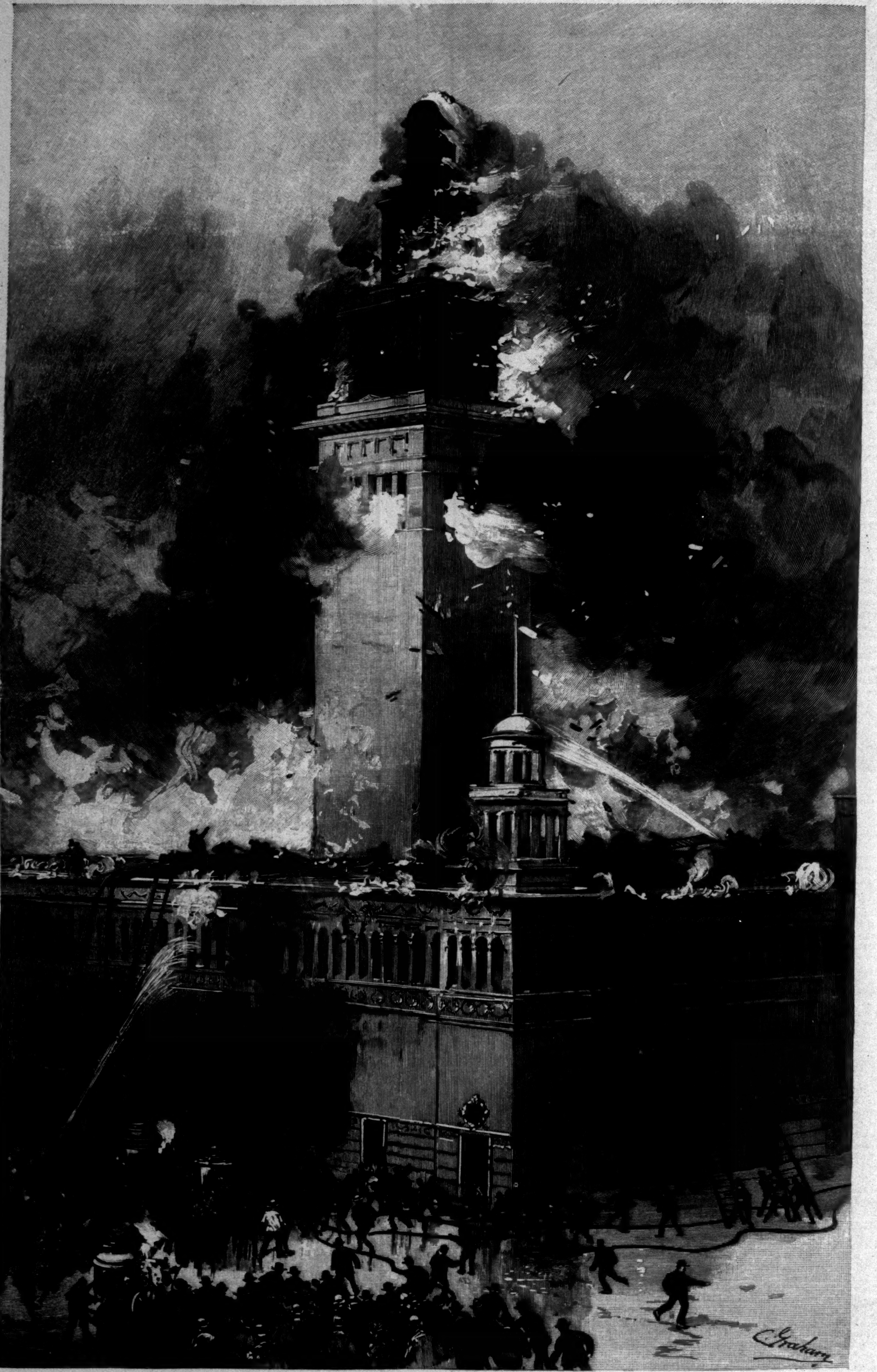


"Jones," said Jackson Peters, "you refused to tell us the blue-racer story because you had not yet looked up the exact facts, did you not?"

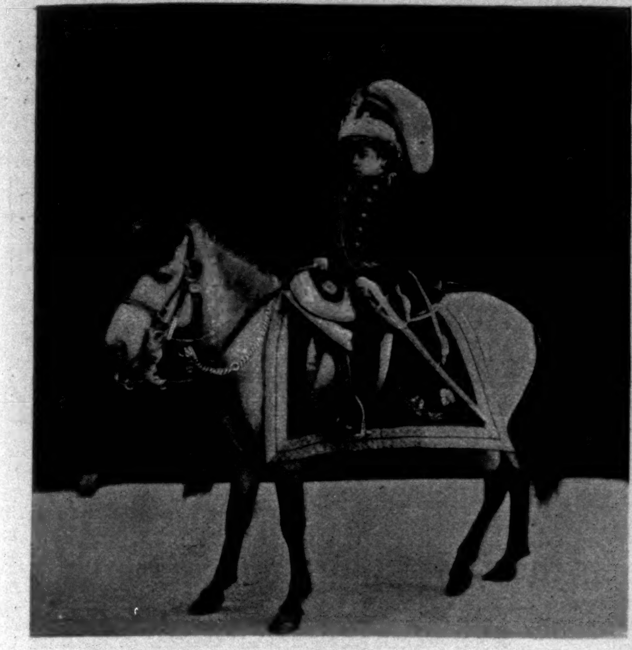
"Yes, Jackson. What of it?"

"Nothing."

H. C.



THE CHICAGO FIRE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 702.]
Burning of the Cold-Storage Warehouse at the World's Fair. Brave Firemen cut off from Escape on the Flaming Tower.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF NEPAUL ON A HIMALAYA PONY.

THE HIMALAYA PONY AND HAWAIIAN RIDERS.

The influence of Arabian blood has travelled mainly westward. All that we especially prize in Europe and America in the way of horseflesh owes its highest qualities to the steed of the desert, whose peculiar traits have been conserved and improved in the English thoroughbred. But Arabian blood has not penetrated much to the eastward. It is principally through the influence of Europeans that the race has made a slight impress on the horse of India, and beyond this peninsula only individuals have been transported. But there is in the far East a horse to take the place of the Arabian—the Himalaya pony—and he is as wonderful in his way as the best of Syrian stock. His origin is apparently in the foot-hills of the great range, but he has been brought down to the plains on either hand. You find him in India, where the natives use him, among other things, as a polo pony; you find him in China mixed with the native horse. But he is at his best when nearest to his mountain home.

This pony runs from the size of a small sheltie to about that of a common American bronco. But, unlike the latter, which is a small horse, he is a true pony, with big head, fine but bushy hair, and chunky build. He has exceptional strength and endurance, and even the small ones will pull a cab with several people in it. He is good-natured and intelligent, and not only performs all the duties that the ass does in the Orient proper, but is a capital mount besides. His legs and feet are made of iron. There is by no means the thoroughbred look about him which an equally small Arabian will have—his type is different; but he is built for wear, and on his native hills he would soon kill his nobler cousin.

The little Manipuri polo pony is one of this Himalaya breed—rather a small specimen. You would not believe that he could carry a good-sized man as easily as he does, but we are wont to underrate the strength of all the smaller animals. They can do proportionately much more work than the larger ones. A Percheron weighing three-quarters of a ton can haul a big load, to be sure, but he could not go half the distance that a little bronco which weighs but a third of that amount handily covers, even if the latter should carry as heavy a man. We are apt to think that it needs a big horse to carry a big man or woman. Such a one certainly looks better fitted for his work, but a small cob or even a little knife-blade thoroughbred will often carry more weight safer and farther than the taller fellow. The Himalaya pony is a great weight-carrier, very much like the Shetland, and the little beggars will scurry over the polo-ground at a gait and with an ease which are surprising.

Polo in the Orient is a very ancient game. It was brought from there by the English, and, as we think, has been improved by our methods. This may be doubted so far as mere skill is concerned, but in speed and "go" our polo is away ahead of the game among the indolent sons of the Prophet.

The pony in the picture of the young King of Nepaul is quite a typical Himalayan. The little sovereign is not yet out of leading-strings, but when he gets to be eighteen he succeeds to his throne, with the power of life and death over all his subjects. Nepaul is one of the kingdoms of northeastern India over which Great Britain exercises only a species of protectorate. I have never seen the King of Nepaul, but I recently crossed the Pacific with a

HAWAIIAN EQUESTRIENNE.

HAWAIIAN BULLOCK-RIDERS.

MANIPURI POLO-PLAYERS.

THE NAWAB OF RAMPUR.
From a Photograph by Taber.

HAWAIIAN AND HIMALAYAN RIDERS.

similar monarch, the Nawab of Rampur, who is travelling around the world as a preparation for assuming the government of his kingdom next year. He is a sensible, pleasant lad, and joined in all games on board the *Gallic* quite informally. He speaks excellent English, and appears to be fairly well informed for a youth of his years. I found that he talked very intelligently upon many topics. He liked to tell about his people, among whom are many of the ancient Rohillas, one of the finest tribes in India. No doubt H. H. the Nawab will be the better ruler for his trip. He was accompanied by his suite and by an English tutor; and an English army officer, who is British Resident at Rampur, had especial supervision of the Nawab. You will soon see him in New York.

In China and the countries south of it you find that the best of the not very good horses bear the impress of the Himalaya blood, just as our horses do that of the Arabian. Despite this fact, the Chinese pony is a pretty mean fellow, principally because the people are not good horsemen, and take no manner of care of him. When you go further north the Tartar or the Siberian horse is a Steppes runt of a different order, and vastly more serviceable.

In Hawaii there are two very peculiar horsemen. Fancy riding a bullock! And yet if you could see the beautiful little bullocks of India, as sleek and fine as Jersey heifers, with legs like a deer, and with soft plaintive eyes, and could see how rapidly they haul the little native carts, you would not despise such a mount on a pinch. The Hawaiian bullock is a coarse creature, really not fit for saddle-work; but in a land where there are no native horses, and where the roads are often only paths along the mountain-sides, impassable for wheels, any creature which can carry a pack or a man is worth having. And a bullock can usually be made to walk very rapidly and trot quite a respectable gait. What a sensation one could make with a fawn-colored saddle-bullock in Central Park! And how the horses would fly the track at sight of the intruder!

The other Hawaiian who interests us is the lady who rides *à la militaire*. This appears to be the uniform habit among both the native women and foreigners. When the dress is awkwardly made and worn the style is lamentably ungainly; but I saw several young ladies there with trimly cut cloth suits who looked not only neatly as horsewomen, but rode well. The native women merely add to their every-day upper garments a pair of very wide overalls, twice as long as their legs, and made of calico of any common pattern. This rig is neither pretty nor commendable in any sense. But the trimly turned suits I saw seemed to be of the genus trouser rather than a divided skirt, cut not too loosely about the hips, and no longer than would make them naturally hang down to cover the foot about as much as the modern habit. They had a tailor-made look, and were fitted snugly enough not to drag upward nor look bunchy when the lady was in the saddle. They were as pleasing as the native suit is distressing.

It seems to be a task beyond any one's power to accomplish to introduce among women either the new reform dress or the man's seat in the saddle. Is it Dame Fashion who stands athwart the path of these questionable improvements? Or is it that women have the idea that men will not like too much poaching on their sartorial manor? Surely imitation of men's attire has gone as far of late years as it well can and retain the woman's special attributes. I have always resented the extremes of fashion; and I have been an advocate of a woman's occasionally changing from right to left side in the saddle, so as to equalize the use of the muscles, but I am not quite sure that I approve of the *fin de siècle* tendency away from the womanliness we were brought up to know either in dress or equitation. I think men admire and love women because they possess certain qualities that men can never aspire to. People are apt to like or want just what they themselves are not or have not got. I doubt whether women who are too manly often gain that peculiar admiration from men which their somewhat less-pronounced sisters so readily capture. *Camaraderie* is an excellent thing in woman, according to the modern idea; but the great character reader of all time said that it was a low soft voice which deserved that encomium, and if we construe "a low soft voice" in its broader meaning, I think we shall all agree to prefer it to the mere comradeship, even if this does include knickerbockers in the street and a man's seat in the saddle.

THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE, U. S. A.

THE CHICAGO FIRE.

THE first serious fire upon the exposition grounds since work was begun occurred on the afternoon of July 10th. Shortly after one o'clock a small blaze was discovered at the top of the chimney of the Cold-storage Building, erected and used as a warehouse and ice-skating rink by the Hercules Iron-Works, the concessionnaires for those privileges. The chimney was surrounded by a tower, which rose high above the main portion of the building. An alarm was at once turned in, and was responded to by the Fire Department and the Columbian Guard. The companies first upon the scene seemed far more than sufficient to extinguish the blaze. Led by the Marshal of the Fourteenth Battalion the firemen at once attacked the flames, ascending almost to the top of the tower. A more deceptive fire has been rarely known; for while this score or more of men were working high in the air, the flames seeming to the thousands of spectators who had gathered as though they might be at once put out, they burst forth with an appalling fury many feet below, cutting off without warning the men above. Marshal Murphy ordered his men down from the doomed structure by means of the life-lines which they had brought. One by one these ropes were lowered, to be instantly cut in twain by the greedy flames, which rose higher to the balconies above. Then came the realization that all hope was lost, and this body of gallant men, comrades in many a heroic fight, drew closely together, awaiting calmly the death before them. The hundreds of firemen and guards, desperate in their helplessness, could do nothing; no power could save them. It was a heart-breaking scene as they clasped hands in their last farewell. The flames, fanned by the brisk east wind, swept about their forms, which were clearly outlined against the glaring whiteness of the tower, and man by man they dropped, in full sight of the agonized throng below. While one or two yet remained the great tower tottered and fell, crashing through the roof and carrying with it the unconscious men. Captain Fitzpatrick, who had been connected with the Fire Department of the exposition since its organization, was one of the first to fall. Fatally hurt, he was found by Marshal Murphy just as there came a great upheaval of the main roof, caused by an explosion beneath; he was still alive, but was cut off from aid by a great volume of fire. Hastily descending to the ground, Murphy ordered a ladder placed against the trembling wall at a point where Fitzpatrick could be reached, and called for volunteers to attempt the rescue. It was a call to battle hand to hand with death, yet three men stepped forth, and this heroic quartet, with the Marshal in advance, mounted the insecure ladder, disappearing in the flames. Few dared hope for their return. Presently, however, they reappeared, bearing the helpless man, and carefully lowered him from the wavering cornice; this done, they had scarcely reached the ground, three by means of the ladder, the fourth by sliding ninety feet down a line of hose, when the entire walls fell in. It was a gallant effort to rescue the brave Fitzpatrick, who died from his injuries in a few hours. Sixteen men, eleven of whom were members of the Fire Department, are known to have perished. Besides these some fifteen were injured. Within one hour, so fierce were the flames, the entire building was consumed. M. B. P.

HICKS'S PAYTENT COOKER.

"I WOULD like to call your attention to my paytent cooker," said the mild-mannered man with the soft low voice to the rector of St. Bartholomew's. "It consists, as mebbe you can see—"

"But I don't desire a cooker, and would not look at one if I did," interrupted the rector of St. Bartholomew's in as irascible a manner as is permitted to his cloth.

"They come in three sizes," continued the mild-mannered man with the soft low voice—"small, mejum, and large. They're made of tin, genuwine block-tin, not rolled tin. I have frequently been congratulated on the quality of my tin. Said Bishop Dobson to me, 'Hicks, I congratulate you on the quality of your tin.'"

"Bishop Dobson?" queried the rector of St. Bartholomew's with languid interest. "I don't remember to have seen his name in the Church Calendar."

"Methody," explained the mild-mannered man. "I'm a Methody. Here's a certificate from my pastor saying I'm an individooal of moral character and use good tin in my cookers. Here's a letter from the Rev. Edward Atkins—but I don't set much store by that, bein' as he is a Baptis', and no judge of tin. The principle on which my cooker is based—"

"You will have to excuse me," said the rector of St. Bartholomew's, looking hard at the heavy gold watch presented him by the parish on his last birthday, "but I have a sermon to write."

"Mebbe your lady would like to see the cooker," said the mild-mannered man. "It's made of genuwine block-tin, and Bishop Dobson himself said, 'Hicks, I congratulate you on the quality of your tin.'"

"I have no wife," said the rector, with the merest suspicion of a blush.

"Then buy a cooker and git one," said the mild-mannered man, confidentially. "With Hicks's paytent cooker as an argumint, you will git one easy. They come in three sizes—small, mejum, and large. This here is the small one. Folds all up, you see, like a telescope. Mebbe you wouldn't believe it, but one of them small-sized cookers saved my life once. It was in the spring of 1853, or the fall of 1852, or the winter of 1854, I don't remember which and it don't make no difference, that the Rev. Dr. James Wilyums, D.D., and I took passage for Africky in the brig *Thomas J. Walkup*, goin' as missionaries to some of the numerous cannibal tribes that keeps down the population, and consequently accounts for the depressed values of real estate in the Dark Continent. The Rev. Dr. Wilyums was to teach the savages religion, but my mission was a more important one. I was to introduce Hicks's paytent cooker among 'em. You can see that even this large-sized cooker won't hold a man, to say nothin' of the mejum and small ones. Now I calculated to teach the savages to use my cookers, and when they got so attached to 'em as to never eat nothin' except what was cooked in a cooker—seein' that you couldn't cook a man in 'em—cannibalism would naturally die out. When I broached my plan to Bishop Dobson his eyes shone and he said: 'Go, Hicks, go. Your work will supplement the work of the Rev. Dr. Wilyums. I heartily commend your plan, and I congratulate you on the quality of your tin.' Them was his words, and I went.

"Well, sir, the mornin' after I arrived in Africky I began to talk to the chief about my cooker, when what does he do but take me down to the leadin' grocery store of the town and show me the Rev. Dr. Wilyums chained up.

"'Can you cook him?' axed the chief.

"'No,' said I, my breath all gone with surprise at the turn affairs had took.

"'Well,' said the old chief, 'them's the kind of victuals we eats. We don't consume much in the way of breakfast foods, infants' foods, and the like. If your cooker can't cook our style of provisions we ain't got any use for it.'

"And with that they put me in their jail, and that was the last I ever see or heerd of the Rev. Dr. James Wilyums, D.D. They would have et me at once, but the chief's daughter, Ugogina, fell in love with me, and made 'em put off the obsequies, or festivities, according as you looked at it from my stand-point or the savages'. I talked nice to Ugogina, and got her to bring me my small-sized cooker, the only one the old witch doctor what kept the cookers would let her have; and with that I cooked them savages the finest kinds of victuals they ever et, and they set me free and made me royal cook, and the chief kinder smiled indulgently at the way Ugogina was makin' up to me. So you see the small-sized cooker saved my life."

"I'll buy the small size," said the rector, hastily. "I have a sermon to write."

"Now you just take my advice and git a mejum size. You can afford it. When you take that small-sized cooker round to that young lady you're after, when you ask her to marry you what 'll she think? Why, she'll say to herself that in buyin' this small cooker you are layin' out not to ever have any company to meals, and if she's a girl that is fond of company, you're runnin' a risk. Wait till I tell you how the mejum-sized cooker saved my life. Well, the old witch doctor took a big dislike to me, and kept tellin' the folks that I would make a better meal cooked than I would cookin'. Ugogina wanted to marry me, and the chief was willin', but the witch doctor prophesied a lot of calamities if the marriage took place, and scared the chief. Now I didn't want to marry Ugogina, but I could see that if I did I would be saved from bein' et; but I thought I would try to save myself and get out of the marriage also. I could have run off to sea any day, but there warn't no boats. I could see ships sailin' by quite often, but there warn't no way to git off to 'em. I decided to fix the witch doctor first. I got Ugogina to wheedle the old feller to give me my mejum-sized cooker, the small-sized not bein' large enough for my purposes. Then I got a lot of African beans and some hollow reeds and some sticky clay. I set the beans a-cookin' and put the reeds into a little hole I made in top of the cooker. I invited the witch doctor in, and told him this was some of my new vaporized atmospheric air, and told him to put his mouth to the reeds and suck some in. You know, if you have studied chemistry, that beans are highly charged with gas. Especially is this true of the genuwine African bean. Well, sir, that old chap swallered a lot of that gas, and quicker than a wink Ugogina and I knocked him over and plastered his nose and mouth up with clay, and I'm a dummed liar if that gas didn't float that old feller right up in the air, clear out of sight. You see, he was remarkably capacious, and the gas was remarkably strong—remarkably strong. I stood there in front of the people when he was floatin' in the air, and told 'em I was a magician, and could set 'em all floatin'. They was scared; wanted to elect me chief; but I wasn't used to high political honors, and compromised with Alderman and President of the School Board. Well, sir, Ugogina was dyin' to marry me at once; but I staved her off for a time by sayin' I wanted to git my trousseau ready. That's how the mejum-sized cooker saved my life."

"I will buy a medium-sized one," said the rector, faintly. "It can be used by St. Margaret's ward of the guild at church fairs."

"Or county fairs either. However, I think you would like the large-sized cooker for the church fairs. But you wait till I finish my story. Now I was engaged to a girl in the United States. If I married Ugogina, what would be the consequences? Breach of promise suit for $10,000, and me with no assets but three sample cookers of block-tin. What then? Default of payment, State's prison for life. 'Sides, I didn't want to marry Ugogina. What did I do? Well, sir, one day I see a ship goin' by, and stretchin' out the large-sized cooker—they are all air-tight—I jumped on it and paddled off to the ship, poundin' on the small and mejum sized all the way to scare sharks. That's how the large-sized cooker saved my life."

"Put me down for the large size," said the rector of St. Bartholomew's, wearily.

"I knowed you would," said the mild-mannered man with the soft low voice. "There's something affectin' in the story of how them cookers saved my life."

WARDON ALLAN CURTIS.

THE NEW NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR.

CHIEF Naval Constructor Philip Hichborn, U. S. N., was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, on the fourth day of March, 1839. In '55 he was graduated from the Boston High School, the now Hon. Samuel Pasco, Senator from Florida, and Mr. Hichborn being the only boys in the class. From the Boston High School Mr. Hichborn was indentured to the government under the tuition of the late Melvin Simmons, U. S. N., then master-shipwright of the Boston Navy-yard. While under instruction, and in recognition of his merit, Secretary Toucey, then Secretary of the Navy, ordered that Hichborn receive a course of theoretical training. This two years' course was fruitful in remarkable progress in ship-designing and calculations. Through steady application to the theoretical and practical phases of his profession Mr. Hichborn reached, at an unusually early age, a degree of proficiency rarely attained.

In July of 1860 Melvin Simmons was appointed Naval Constructor, and immediately ordered to the navy-yard, Mare Island, California. A little over a month later Mr. Hichborn, then twenty-one years old, left Boston in the clipper-ship *Dashing Wave* for California, serving in the capacity of one of the ship's officers. From work in connection with the Pacific Mail Company Mr. Hichborn soon entered the employment of the government at the navy-yard, Mare Island, and rose in two years to the position of master-shipwright of the station, a position that often involved the direction of large numbers of men and the complete control of the construction department during the absence of the Naval Constructor. In '64 he was tendered the appointment as Assistant Naval Constructor, but declined the honor, as the salary allowed was much less than he received as master-shipwright. In '69, however, he made application for an appointment, and in May of the same year passed a severe examination, and was duly appointed on June 26th as Assistant Naval Constructor, United States Navy, with the relative rank of Lieutenant. Mr. Hichborn's California days are full of bright and picturesque reminiscences of those early times in the history of that golden State, and to those old Californians who knew him and who served with him and under him no name is dearer than his, and no affection warmer than the lasting regard with which he is remembered.

From California he was ordered to the navy-yard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1870. The five years spent at that station were full of hard work, and many were the trying demands upon his ability. In 1875, after an unusual competitive examination, he received his commission as a Naval Constructor, marked No. 1. In the latter part of '75 Mr. Hichborn was detached from the navy-yard, Portsmouth, and ordered to League Island, Pennsylvania. At that time the old yard was being abandoned, and the machinery, stores, ship-houses, etc., were being transported to the new yard, League Island. The larger part of this important work devolved upon the Naval Constructor as the representative of the construction plant of the yard. In '76 he also took a prominent and important part in the Centennial Exhibition. In June, 1884, he was selected by the Secretary of the Navy for special duty in Europe. His report upon European dock-yards embodies the result of his investigations. This work has become a text-book among the profession. Upon its first appearance much concern was manifested by foreign powers, for nothing so exhaustive or conclusive had been published or obtained before.

For six years Mr. Hichborn was a member of the Board of Inspection and Survey, of which the late Admiral D. D. Porter was president. In '81 he was made a member of the first Naval Advisory Board, and was prominently associated with all matters affecting the designing and construction of the new naval vessels. He has for many years been a member of the Institution of Naval Architects in England. In 1884 he was ordered to the Navy Department as Assistant Chief of Bureau.

While Mr. Hichborn's lines have sometimes fallen into pleasant places, his duties have ever been arduous. Through his recognized and acknowledged ability he has been selected for multifarious duties.

Mr. Hichborn has devoted a good deal of time to literary work, chiefly upon subjects of a professional nature. His article upon "Sheathed or Unsheathed Ships," published in the proceedings of the Naval Institute, April, 1890, provoked editorial discussion in the leading and representative papers of this country. His advocacy of sheathing ships is rapidly gaining favor among the thinking men of the navy. Besides his professional and executive ability, Mr. Hichborn has a strong inventive turn of mind.

A life of valuable usefulness has invariably characterized his career, and it may be truly said that he is a self-made man, and has risen by his own exertions to the position of Chief Naval Constructor of the United States navy, and, in so far as we can learn, has pushed no one aside to reach his present high and responsible position.

THE REVIEW AT LONGCHAMPS.

Paris and republican France recall, with imposing military spectacles, one of the notable events in the history of the world—the fall of the Bastile, which took place on the 14th of July, 1789.

Paris is the only capital in Europe having full facilities for the display of troops. There is the Champ de Mars, where a large body of troops can be massed, the broad quays which skirt both sides of the Seine, the avenue of the Champs Élysées, the Bois de Boulogne, and Longchamps. Strategic conditions in Paris have not been overlooked, so that large bodies of soldiers can be manœuvred within the city. The magnificence of Paris, its open grounds, the acquaintance the French have with artistic effects, all make a Parisian military display wonderfully effective.

There are elements in a French military parade which are novel to those who recall the past. To-day, in addition to the well-known troops of various branches of the French service, there are bodies of men designated *territoriaux*, who are citizen soldiers recruited from men who have been in service, who in time of stress will be ready to take part in battle.

As far as relates to French uniforms, they are unsurpassed. The neatness of the men is wonderful, and the condition of their weapons of the best. As to the attire of the infantry, there never can be anything more jaunty and springy than the *pas* of the French soldiers. Military education in its most sweeping sense, beginning with the private and ending with the general, has received in France the utmost care since the disasters of 1870. Putting aside all sentimentalism, if millions of francs have already been spent and millions have yet to be expended on the army, "why," asks the matter-of-fact Frenchman, "should we not have the best of warlike mechanisms for our money?"

For several days before the 14th of July mounted couriers, fine specimens of light cavalry, have been on the gallop through the streets of Paris, bearing despatches to headquarters. The machinery necessary to move a hundred thousand men in a limited time past a given point, and to do this without hitch or delay, is a serious military problem.

Mr. Caton Woodville, in his picture, shows the cavalry passing in review before the general-in-chief, with the brilliant état-major and the invited guests, the military attaches of the American, English, Italian, and Russian legations.

In the tribune the President of the republic, M. Carnot, is seated, and with him the Minister of War and the higher military officers attached to the government.

The review opens when M. Carnot has taken his place, when a salvo of twenty-one guns is fired. Regiment follows regiment. Military experts note the variety of the cavalry—the *chasseurs*, the dragoons, the *cuirassiers*, the Arab contingents. It is a quickly passing spectacle, moving as if by clockwork, accompanied by the crash of military bands, the clear sound of the trumpets, the rattle of drums. One fine body of men attracts attention, and is loudly cheered. This is *l'infanterie marine*, the sailors who are soldiers, popularly known as the "marsouins." This parade of the 14th of July is the finest of European military pageants.

OUR RUSSIAN VISITORS.

BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.

The presence of the Russian squadron now lying in the harbor of New York is especially noteworthy, not only because it indicates the friendly attitude of the Czar towards America, but for the further reason that both in point of numbers and of efficiency it is the most formidable foreign naval force that has ever visited our waters, either in time of peace or war. The cruisers *Dmitri Donskoï*, *Rhynda*, and *General Admiral* were despatched to take part in the naval review of April 27th last. Since that time the *General Admiral* has left, and the number of the visitors has been increased by the arrival of the large cruiser *Admiral Nachimoff* and the line-of-battle ship *Emperor Nicholas I.* Each of these vessels is a model of the most modern pattern of construction, and in their own class they present the finest examples of the ships of the third naval power in the world.

The squadron is under the orders of Vice-Admiral Nicholas Kasnakoff, and his flagship is the *Dmitri Donskoï*, Nicholas Zelonnoy commander. The *Donskoï* is a steel cruiser, with engines of 7000 horse-power and a speed of 16½ knots. The *Rhynda*, in command of Captain Krueger, is also a steel cruiser, and she can make 14½ knots. The steel cruiser *Admiral Nachimoff* is 333 feet long by 61 feet in the beam, and her speed is 16.7 knots. Her commander is Captain Lavroff. The war-ship *Emperor Nicholas I.* is commanded by Captain Laroque. She is 326 feet long by 67 feet in the beam, and draws 23 feet of water. Her displacement is 8440 tons, and her speed is 15 knots per hour. She carries two 12-inch guns, four 9-inch guns, and eight 6-inch guns, with twenty rapid-firing guns.

The reception which has been accorded to these visitors has been most cordial, and it is a tribute to the controlling influence of the conservative class in this country. For at the time when our guests arrived the impolitic extradition treaty was on the *tapis*, and the strong anti-semitic feeling in Russia had driven to this country large numbers of a dangerous class, whose hatred of the country they had left was such that it might take the form of violence at any moment. But from the day that the Russian sailors marched in the land parade in New York, amid the heartiest cheers from the spectators, down to the present time, nothing has occurred to mar the harmony of the event. And to this end the visitors have contributed their full share. Vice-Admiral Kasnakoff has shown himself on all occasions to be possessed of both tact and ability, and nothing could have been more graceful or forcible than his tribute to Farragut's memory at the grave of that hero in Woodlawn Cemetery in the early part of May last. Captain Zelonnoy also won golden opinions on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument to the same great man in Boston on the 28th of June. His speech, which was delivered in English, as was that of Vice-Admiral Kasnakoff, was the event of the day, and when he recalled the visit of Farragut to Cronstadt in 1867, and the general order issued in his honor by Boutakoff, the then commander of the port at that place, the audience manifested the greatest enthusiasm.

In the cities of Boston and Philadelphia as well as in New York the officers have been singled out as the recipients of social attentions, and they have expressed themselves as gratified and pleased at the treatment they have received. One of the most flattering occasions in their honor was the municipal reception tendered to them in this city last week.

The Russian navy of to-day has been largely built up by the genius and foresight of the present Emperor, Alexander III., who clearly recognizes and grasps the fact that Russia can never expect to cope with her powerful rivals without the aid of a great naval force. The progress made under his administration is almost incredible, but an idea of the types and strength of the vessels may be gained by a reference to the book on this subject recently published by the Grand-Duke Alexander himself, and from which our sketches of the ships are taken by special permission.

Among the distinguished visitors on board the squadron are the Grand-Duke, First Lieutenant Alexander Michaelovitch Romanoff, son of Michael, the uncle of the Czar; Prince Urieffsky, son of the late Czar and Princess Dolgourouki; Rimski-Korksakoff, a nephew of the well-known composer of the same name; Dr. Botkin, surgeon of the *Rhynda* and son of the great physician; Lieutenant Sergius Vsevologsky; M. Blinoff, a famous Russian marine painter, who is especially commissioned by the Czar to accompany the vessels; and Nicholas Maximoff, a well-known Russian journalist and war correspondent.

A GENERAL RESTORATIVE.

The above term more adequately describes the nature of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters than any other. The medicine has specific qualities, of course, as in cases of malarial disease, dyspepsia, and liver complaint, but its invigorating and regulating qualities invest it with a health-endowing potency made manifest throughout the system. Purity and activity of the circulation are insured by it, and it effectually counteracts tendencies to kidney disease, rheumatism, neuralgia, and gout.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A GOOD CHILD

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is best infants' food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable. Grocers and Druggists.—[*Adv.*]

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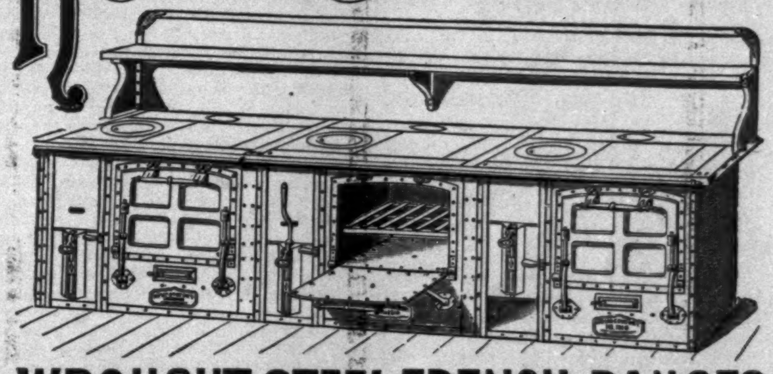

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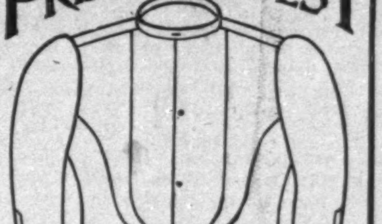

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THE LEVEES OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

BY WILLIAM STARLING,

Chief Engineer Mississippi Levee District.

THE Mississippi River proper, or Lower Mississippi, is the great trunk composed of the united streams of the Ohio, Upper Mississippi, and Missouri. It begins at Cairo, in Illinois, and extends to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of about 550 miles from north to south, and nearly double that much (1060 miles) following the convolutions of the river. It flows through a vast alluvial valley, or flood plain, of an average width of about 35 miles, bounded on either side by ranges of hills. Between these limits the great river wanders very much after the fashion of inferior streams, approaching the highlands now on the eastern side of the valley, now on the western, and skirting sometimes the very base of the hills.

By this alternate approach and recession of the river the great flood plain is divided into a number of subordinate basins. Some of these are of enormous extent—several thousand square miles in area; some are comparatively small; some are completely isolated by the approach of the river to the uplands at the head and foot of the basin; all are nearly independent of one another.

It is this conformation of the great alluvial plain which has given origin to the levee system as it exists to-day. The isolation of each basin from the rest of the valley enables the several districts to adopt each its own plan of protection from the invasions of the river without depending on concerted action with the others. For the Lower Mississippi Valley is nothing but a great "bottom," such as is found along many creeks and rivers. Its soil is made of the disintegrated materials of the older rocks, brought down by the tributaries in time of flood and spread broadcast over the banks by the successive inundations. The plain is not entirely the product of the modern stream, but consists of a foundation built by the river in a former state of existence, and finished by a "veneer," as it has been very appropriately called, of late alluvium. Being formed by overflow, it cannot in any of its parts be above overflow, except where it has been subjected to disturbing influences since its formation, as has sometimes happened.

The banks of the flood plain on either side are highest next the river, where the overflowing waters have been most densely charged with sediment, and where the current, by lateral dispersion, has received its most sudden check. Hence the plain slopes away from the river east or west to the base of the hills, where runs the tributary, often a considerable river itself, which carries off the drainage of each basin. Thus, while in the natural state nearly all the lands are subject to overflow, yet they are submerged to various depths, least at the margin of the Mississippi, greatest at remote distances.

It has not been found profitable to cultivate lands which are overflowed often or deep. Elevated tracts, where the inundation comes seldom, is shallow, and soon recedes, may be occupied and tilled, but nine-tenths or more of alluvial land, if unprotected, would tempt only to ruin. Hence, from the earliest settlement of the Mississippi Valley, efforts have been made for protection, first by individuals, then by associations, by counties, and finally by still larger bodies.

The levee system of the Mississippi River, then, as at present constituted, is rather a series of independent systems based on the natural division of the alluvial plain into basins. The great basins are named after the watercourses which drain them, and are hence called the Saint Francis, Yazoo, White River, Tensas, Atchafalaya, and Pontchartrain basins. Each one of these has one or more levee districts, consisting of several counties each.

The districts are the units of levee administration. They are organized under State laws, and their affairs are managed by levee boards composed of representatives or delegates from the several counties composing the district. These boards are powerful executive and semi-legislative bodies, with authority to impose taxes (within certain limits) and condemn lands for levee purposes, etc. They elect their own officers, and are little interfered with by the State. In the intervals between sessions, which are held twice a year, their executive powers are committed to a president, who has almost despotic power in emergencies. The rates of taxation are usually severe. In the Lower Yazoo district the levee tax is about two per cent. on the entire valuation of property

The levee system as it exists at present is of very recent origin. The efforts which were made by individuals, associations, and counties previous to the civil war were only of limited extent. In Mississippi it was not until 1859 that a levee district was organized, and this is believed to have been the first of its kind. The labors of these bodies were soon interrupted by the civil war. Most of their records were lost during that time or the period of misrule and confusion which followed it. They seem to have gone to work with vigor, and those of their constructions which have survived show a fair comprehension of the magnitude of the task which they had undertaken. After the war the work was resumed with varying degrees of spirit. Some districts had never been perfectly organized, and now lost all heart. Others took hold again with the first return of peace. The Lower Mississippi (Yazoo) District was reorganized in 1865, the Upper in 1884, the Arkansas districts in 1887, the Fifth Louisiana in 1888. Most of the districts of the last-named State are of recent origin, their work having formerly been done by parish (county) organizations.

The Mississippi River Commission, created in 1879, gave a new impulse to the construction of levees by its surveys of the river, its continuous lines of levels, and its allotments for levees, the first of which was made in 1882. Since that time the work has proceeded by the co-operative action of the government and local authorities, the latter, however, having contributed much the larger proportion. From 1865 to 1890, according to the testimony taken by the Senate in the latter year, there had been expended by the States $22,000,000; by the government, $3,000,000. Since 1882 the proportion has been about two dollars by the local organizations to one dollar by the United States.

The levee system, as it stands, is very fragmentary and incomplete. The Arkansas levees, for instance, remained without work for about twenty-three years after the war, and the line was almost destroyed by the inroads of the waters. The rebuilding of them was only begun in 1887, and it is hardly one-third completed. The line has been made continuous, but it is low and weak. Louisiana and Mississippi are much better, but they fall very far short of the standard demanded by the government and local engineers. All along the river, in fact, the levees are a patch-work, some old and some new, some known to be safe, some known to be unsafe, some merely suspected. In former times it was not thought necessary to take minute precautions in the building of levees. Stumps of trees were left in them. Excavations were made too close to them. They were of insufficient dimensions. The stumps are now decaying, and are leaving large internal cavities in the levees. The dimensions which were sufficient for a head of water of seven feet are very inadequate against twelve feet.

Wherever defects were known to exist they have been remedied if means allowed. But defects are mostly concealed, and are often first made known by a break. Means, too, are wofully inadequate. The occasional disasters which happen in the alluvial valley must not be charged against the levee system as if the latter were a complete whole. Despite exertions which may fairly be called heroic, the lowlanders of the Mississippi Valley must still meet many reverses in their conflict with the great river, more formidable as it is more restrained. These exertions should not be disparaged. The Mississippian or Louisianian is as much attached to his "swamps" as the Swiss to his mountains; and as surely as manful energy will eventually overcome obstacles, so surely will he at length gain a title to his homestead by the best of all rights—by reclaiming it from nature.

HYPNOTISM AND MARVELS.

BY JOSEPH JASTROW, PH.D.,

Professor of Experimental and Comparative Psychology in the University of Wisconsin.

THE impression of one's first experience with hypnotism is similar to that of a first evening with a Herrmann or a Kellar; for the one the laws of nature seem to have obligingly stepped aside in order to make possible his magical transformations and disappearances, while the phenomena presented by the hypnotized subject seem so different and opposed to every-day laws and doings that an air of marvel clings naturally and persistently to the entire subject. Between the two impressions, however, there is one significant point of difference. Incomprehensible as the conjurer's tricks may be, our faith in the uniformity of physical laws is not seriously disturbed by his enjoyable and clever performance, while in our introduction to hypnotism we seem to knock at the portal of another world, and cannot escape a slight but real suspicion that we are face to face with those stranger things than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

That hypnotism presents many phenomena alike strange and important no one is less likely to deny than the discerning student of its problems, but no result of such study is clearer and more urgent than the necessity of resisting the notion that because some phenomena are unexplained, all demand recourse to ultraphysical laws for their explanation; the necessity of wisely discriminating between the clearly established and the conjectural, between that which seems rational and explicable and that which contradicts and claims to transcend a long and carefully treasured experience.

Hypnotism is not the science of the marvellous, and does not depend for its value upon its power to demonstrate the supernatural. It has won scientific recognition because it presents an altered condition of the nervous system that is of great interest to the physiologist, the psychologist, and the physician. The present revival of its study dates back some fifteen years, when a small group of French scientists re-established and elaborated the strictly demonstrable and physiological effects of this interesting condition. They succeeded in rescuing this subject from the odium that a peculiarly checkered and notorious career had cast about it, and in securing for their investigations the attention and sanction of a respectable portion of the scientific world. The last decade has witnessed a most remarkable activity in the study of hypnotic phenomena; special centres of study have grown up in Paris and in Nancy as well as in the larger cities of other countries; its literature is so vast that a bibliography of recent contributions, comprising several thousand titles, is far from complete; journals devoted exclusively to its interests have been established; and almost every country of civilization has contributed something to this vast aggregate of investigation and interest.

A résumé of the chief results of this activity, however pertinent and interesting, must give place in the present writing to a consideration of the distinction between the demonstrable and valuable results of hypnotism and certain wonderful tales and views which in the public mind have become intimately associated with this name and subject. We may obtain some notion of the hypnotic state by recalling our nightly experience in dream-land or the action of drugs and anæsthetics. Unconsciousness, a lessened sensibility to external stimuli and pain, great suggestibility, are some of the prominent phenomena common to these conditions and to hypnotism. In both cases we have good reasons to ascribe the bodily and mental phenomena to an altered condition of the nervous centres, to the removal for the time of the control of the directing and co-ordinating powers, and the consequent placing of the subject at the mercy of outside suggestions. The great variety of suggestions that may thus be imposed, the continuance of these suggestions into the waking state, the naturalness with which a complicated suggestion may be executed, the peculiar mingling of the subject's own mental traits with those that have been imposed upon him, the tenacity with which impressions that are present to the degree of being normally painful are refused admission to consciousness, or, again, the shrewdness and quickness with which the slightest trace of an expected impression is detected—these and many other phenomena contribute alike to the bizarre effect of the whole and to the attractiveness and psychological value of the study. But they are not marvels in any other sense than dreams are marvels, or the change in thought and feeling that follows a dose of hasheesh is a marvel. In the accurate delineation and interpretation of such phenomena, in the determination of the subjective and objective factors of their causation, and in their practical applications, lies the true study of hypnotism.

When we read, however, of transferrence of thought apart from the usual avenues of sensation, of susceptibility to the magnet's action, of perceiving the effect of drugs at a distance, of a peculiar and mysterious rapport between subject and operator, of the externalization or transferrence of sensibility from subject to an inanimate object, and what not, then indeed we are in the land of marvels and equally in the region of the undemonstrated.

The most general explanation of the origin of such notions is unconscious suggestion; the subject shrewdly suspects the vaguely intimated theories or surmises of the operator and acts upon them. Some experimenters have acted upon the belief that the hypnotized subject was oblivious to all words and actions, when careful observation would have evinced the very opposite. If we look into the history of the subject, we find views held and supported that to-day would be pronounced absurd, and if we inquire how they came to be advanced and defended by men of note and training, we find the most likely clew in unconscious suggestion. In lieu of illustrating this view in detail one may refer to the recent examination and complete refutal by Dr Ernest Hart* of Dr. Luy's exhibitions of marvellous hypnotism at the Charité in Paris. The alleged miracles are shown to be the result of such patent suggestion and misinterpretation of easily explainable phenomena as to startle us by their simplicity.

It is doubtless difficult to apply this explanation in detail to many of the observations reported on worthy authority; it is equally true that we have not reached the limits of knowledge of hypnotic conditions and possibilities; and yet it is allowable, and for the maintenance of a wholesale interest in such studies eminently desirable, to accent the fact that the study of hypnotism has not demonstrated the existence of any transcendent mental faculty, of any supernatural mode of manifestation of psychic powers. The observations supposed to prove such claims have quite largely failed to meet with the approval of competent judges, and have only served to stimulate a semi-morbid interest and curiosity on the part of those who are more appreciative of startling and sensational results than of the careful and systematic progress of true science.

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* *Hypnotism, Mesmerism, and the New Witchcraft.* By Ernest Hart. New York: 1893.

AMATEVR-SPORT

There is much to commend itself to the attention of the New York Yacht Club in the suggestions made some weeks ago by the London *Field* regarding an earlier date than October for the *America's* cup race.

It is so rare for the yachting editor of the *Field* to unbend Americaward to the extent of a suggestion, that the present one comes with all the pleasing freshness of novelty. Mr. Kemp fails to interest us as dictator, but as an adviser we may listen with profit.

Although there is a precedent for the international race in October, both the *Cambria* and *Livonia* having tried for the cup in that month, it is unquestionably true that there is ample time all through August to get our defenders in racing trim, and plenty of good wind in September to carry through the final struggle successfully. It is also true that the weather in October is apt to be pretty heavy for a racing sloop of eighty-six feet water-line length to cross the ocean. There are many good reasons why we should hold the international race as early as the best condition of our defender will permit, and give the British opponent a chance to get home before the coarse autumnal weather.

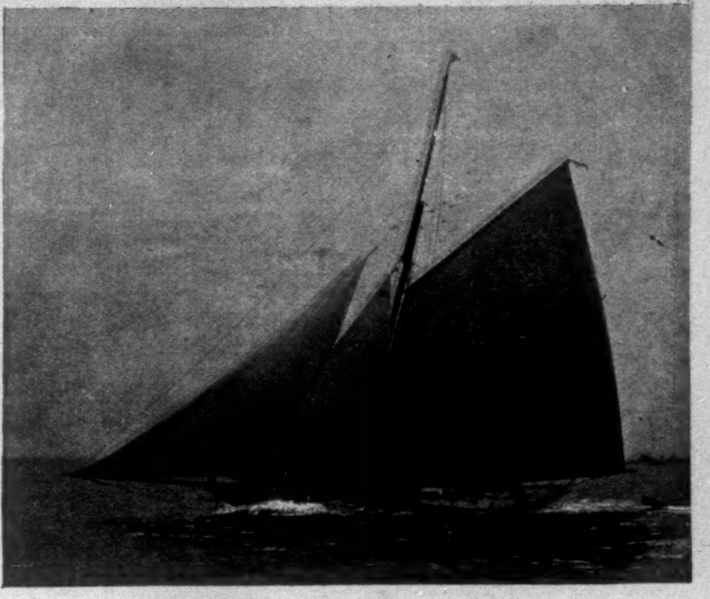
And there is another matter in this international racing that should receive the attention of the New York Yacht Club now before the race this year is sailed, and that is the conditions which govern challenges for the *America's* cup. It is, of course, understood that the challenger will always be handicapped to some extent, from the fact that he must build a boat that can cross the Atlantic on its own bottom, while his opponent need only construct a racing-machine regardless of whether she could or could not stand an ocean voyage of sixteen to eighteen days. But this is entirely a legitimate advantage, since it must always be that the holder of any championship trophy have the privilege of a defender. Here, however, the advantage should end, and the contest in all other respects be as fair for one as the other. The British should have the same power as American yachtsmen in picking their boat from a fleet as large as they choose to build.

THE ROGERS CUP-DEFENDER "COLONIA."

It is entirely proper the challenge should be made ten months before the race, and the class stipulated, but beyond that there should be no restrictions, except those governing all contests between sportsmen. As it is now, the challenger must name his boat, and race that particular boat, no matter how she turns out, while the defender may build half a dozen, and choose the fastest. As an instance, if Lord Dunraven had built the *Calluna* and challenged with her, instead of the *Valkyrie*, he would have been obliged by the present conditions under which the *America's* cup is held to come over with *Calluna*, notwithstanding the fact that she has been a tremendous disappointment, and the slowest boat of the new ones. Once the challenge is made, British yachtsmen should enjoy the privilege, as we do, of choosing a challenger from as many yachts as they care to build within the rating set forth in the challenge. These would be absolutely fair, sportsmanlike conditions, and go a long way towards keeping yacht-racing alive. We need the incentive of international racing, of that there is no doubt, and no better foundation for its future could be laid than a congress of British and American yachtsmen that would discuss and act upon the many intricacies and differences of the present rulings, and formulate those that will give us an annual contest on a sportsmanlike basis. International racing will never thrive as it should until better and more equitable conditions are made, under which the yachts of the two nations may come together yearly.

No one of the four cup-defenders will be followed with more interest than the *Jubilee*, which in her tuning-up process has, as far as may be judged, done some very lively work. She is a combination of fin-keel and centreboard type, and therefore differs from all the others, which are distinctive. She has the long overhangs popular with designers since the advent of the *Gloriana*.

All her lines are easy and graceful, and give the impression of speed and power. Her fin is about forty feet long on top, tapering to thirty at the bottom, and with the aft end perpendicular, while the forward end slopes from bottom to top at a considerable angle. The main centreboard, which is a steel plate one inch thick, twelve feet long on the bottom and nine at the top, works in the usual way, using the fin as a box. The auxiliary fin forward is likewise of steel three feet broad and about eight feet long. It works up and down through the keel, and its chief value, the Paines declare, will be to aid the helm in a light breeze. The boat is built of steel throughout, and although the material is lighter than in the others, it is very strongly put together. Her boom is over ninety feet, and she carries about forty tons of lead at the bottom of her fin. Her dimensions are: length over all, 123 feet; water-line length, 83 feet 6 inches; beam, 22 feet 6 inches. Draught of hull, 4 feet 6 inches; of fin, 9 feet—total draught, 13 feet 6 inches. Captain John Barr, who sailed the English *Thistle* (now the *Meteor*, belonging to Emperor William) in her races against *Volunteer* for the *America's* cup, is the sailing master, and, together with General Paine, will get out of the *Jubilee* all there is in her.



THE PAINE CUP-DEFENDER "JUBILEE."

The trials of the *Jubilee* have demonstrated that she can carry her large sail spread with ease, and be steered without difficulty. She is, in fact, very quick and easy on the helm. Her young designer has settled these two questions to the satisfaction of all who have seen his production under sail. With these two questions, which have been under discussion ever since the yacht was started, settled in her favor, it follows as a matter of course that a boat with her easy lines, small displacement, and large sails must be fast. And that the *Jubilee* is a very fast boat is an assured fact. How fast nobody can say, for there is nothing under sail around Boston that can even serve as a trial horse. *Volunteer* she simply plays with even on the schooner's best point, and tug-boats are easily distanced when the sloop gets a good breeze. Yet this is no more than all of the new boats should and probably will do. It will be only when they come together that any estimate of speed can be made; but, in any event, the boat that outsails the *Jubilee* will be very fast.

The "Pilgrim" is the most backward of the cup-defenders, and will in consequence be handicapped to some extent by her preliminary tuning being cut short. It was hoped she would be got ready for a trial the last of the week just ended, but at this writing she is still several days from a sail. Since yachtsmen had an opportunity of seeing her on the dry-dock (while her fin was being put on), the opinion prevails more stronger than ever that she must be a big success or a failure, and more are inclined to the favorable than to the other verdict. Certainly her lines are remarkably smooth, and not a hollow can be found in her from stem to stern. Her midship section is one unending curve, and there is, in fact, nothing abrupt in her construction. Her form impresses one as being easier to drive than even that of *Jubilee*. The fin is an interesting study; it is thirty-six feet long at the top, seventeen feet deep, and about eighteen feet long on the bottom. At the bottom of the fin the plates form a short angle on either side, and on this angle rest the twenty tons of lead bulb, in two halves, secured with bolts that pierce from side to side. The centreboard, which is to be used like the *Jubilee's* auxiliary to assist in steering, is about seven feet long.

The dimensions of the *Pilgrim* are 122 feet length over all; water-line length, 85 feet; beam, 23 feet; depth of hull, 8 ft. 6 in. Draught of hull, 5 ft. 6 in.; draught of fin, 17 ft.—total draught, 22 ft. 6 in.

Captain Edward Sherlock, who last year sailed the *Marguerite*, will command, aided by the Adams brothers, who are among the most skilful Corinthians in the country.

The Morgan-Iselin cup-defender *Vigilant* has been putting in the past week about Bristol, making short runs and getting into shape generally. Her first trial was good enough to assure her owners that they have a fast boat. The leak at that time had not been effectually stopped, and it is not improbable it may be necessary to haul the boat out before it can be found. The *Vigilant* will have the largest sail spread of all the new 86-footers, and bids fair to be equal to it, for in her trial she stood up well under mainsail, staysail, jib, and working topsail, went to windward handsomely, and minded her helm nicely.

Colonia has also been at work about Bristol, under the watchful eyes of the Herreshoffs, her designers, and Mr. Rogers, the best-known yachtsman, of her owners. She has not had a really good trial yet, but what little she has done gives promise of better things when her sails are properly fitted. She is built very much after the lines of Mr. Rogers's *Wasp*, the fastest 46-footer of last season.

Although none of the cup-defenders is likely to be raced until the New York Yacht Club cruise, it will not be more than a week now before they will all be sailing in earnest, and some idea of their actual quality may be formed. Thus far those that have been tried suggest speed of a degree that has never yet been got out of a yacht, and with their several distinctive types the trial races will be intensely interesting as well as instructive. The dimensions of the four yachts are given in the table on the following page.

From present indications the tuning up of these yachts will not be rapid, and it looks therefore as though the time set for the International race is none too late if the cup-defenders are to be at their best. The first trial race has been announced for September 7th, and they will be continued from that date until the defender has been chosen. As there may be five races sailed before the committee determines on the boat, it is not unlikely these trials may last until even the 22d or 23d of September.

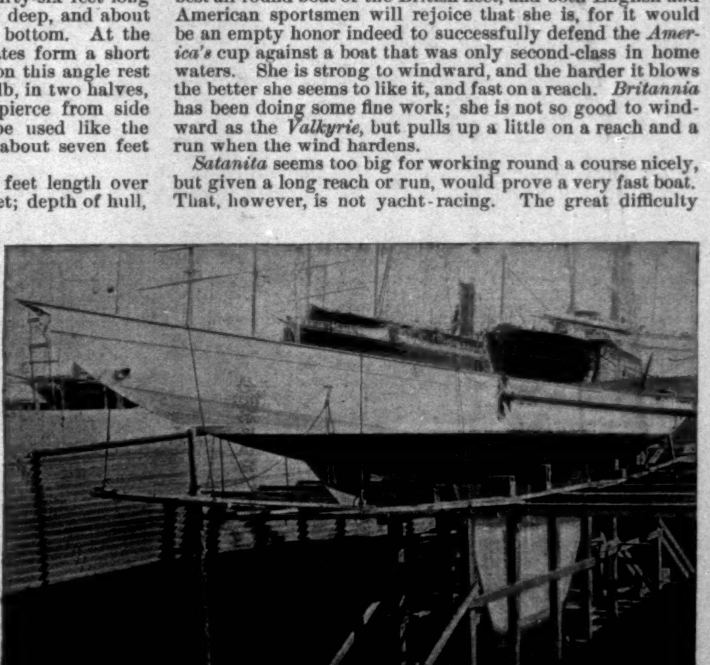
While the cup-defenders may, and one or two of them undoubtedly will, be seen in the runs from port to port on the N. Y. Y. Club cruise, yet they will probably race together for the first time in the Goelet Cup races off Newport. They will again meet in the Astor Cup races, also off Newport, August 17th, 18th, and 19th, and yet again in the special race given by the Corinthian Yacht Club of New York off Newport the last of the same month. It is not unlikely, of course, that one yacht of the four may have so thoroughly demonstrated her superiority in these races as to make the official trial events more or less perfunctory, and in that case the choice of the boat to meet the *Valkyrie* could be made by the 10th of September.

This is possible, but not altogether probable, for if the little work a couple of the boats have already done is to be taken as any criterion the contests promise to be close. It is more than likely there will be so little difference between one or two as to use up the limit of trial races in determining on the better defender in all kinds of weather.

If it should happen that the New York Yacht Club committee is able to announce its choice by September 10th, there would be no reason for not following with the international races so soon as the chosen one has had her final grooming.

Lord Dunraven's "Valkyrie" continues to be the best all-round boat of the British fleet, and both English and American sportsmen will rejoice that she is, for it would be an empty honor indeed to successfully defend the *America's* cup against a boat that was only second-class in home waters. She is strong to windward, and the harder it blows the better she seems to like it, and fast on a reach. *Britannia* has been doing some fine work; she is not so good to windward as the *Valkyrie*, but pulls up a little on a reach and a run when the wind hardens.

Satanita seems too big for working round a course nicely, but given a long reach or run, would prove a very fast boat. That, however, is not yacht-racing. The great difficulty



THE BOSTON SYNDICATE CUP-DEFENDER "PILGRIM" ON THE DRY-DOCK.

against which her captain has most to contend is to keep spars and sails above her, and this looks as if there had been an overstepping of the mark.

The *Calluna* has been too heavily weighted. She stands straight when the other boats are down to the covering-board, and even with the three tons of lead off her keel carries club-topsail when the others have jib-headers. There is much disappointment over her in Scotland, and unless the recent changes improve her greatly she will be left hull down by *Valkyrie*, *Britannia*, or *Satanita*. Taking *Iverna* for comparison, *Valkyrie* and *Britannia* are about twenty-five to thirty minutes faster than *Meteor* (*Thistle*).

The arrival of the *Navahoe* in British waters after a good trip and with all well is good news to Americans.

	Owner.	Designer.	Type.	Length over all.	Beam.	Draught.
				Feet.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.
Jubilee	John B. Paine.	John B. Paine.	Centreboard-Fin.	123	22 6	13 6
Vigilant....	E. D. Morgan *et al.*	Herreshoff.	Centreboard.	128	26	14
Pilgrim	Boston Syndicate.	Stewart and Binney.	Fin Keel.	122	23	22 6
Colonia	Archibald Rogers *et al.*	Herreshoff.	Keel.	128	24	16

"CARMITA," THE NEW FOSTER 46-FOOTER with a fin keel, which was expected to lower *Wasp's* colors, did not appear at the Eastern regatta, and would not have been a winner had she started, for she is not showing the speed expected. In fact, she has not nearly sail enough, and will have a much larger spread, besides being lightened two or three tons inside, before entering the races. Under her present rig she "stands up like a church," and is heavy. If she is any criterion by which to judge the larger fin boats, they will carry their sails with ease.

As a matter of fact, *Carmita* was not designed for racing, the idea of her owner being to test the fin keel in a cruising yacht which should be fast, able, and roomy, and give some data as to the merit of the fin in larger boats than any in which at that time it had been tried. Since *Carmita* was set up, however, the building of the two Boston cup-defenders promises to solve in one jump all that Mr. Foster had planned, and absorb much of the interest that would otherwise have centred in his craft. Still, her owner is entitled to the credit of coming forward to make the experiment, just as he did when two years ago he built *Barbara* from Fife's lines for the good of the sport. *Wasp* seems to have lost none of her speed, and when she met *Harpoon* recently disposed of her without difficulty, although the margin at the finish more than represents the actual difference in sailing, as the wind lightened at the end of the race.

THE PROSPECT FOR GOOD RACING in the 21-foot class, so popular in Eastern waters last season, is not of the best. *Alpha*, the fastest of last year's fleet, has gone West; *Freak*, her closest competitor, will be in new hands; while *Tadpole* and several others are out of it, and no new boats have as yet been built to take their places. It appears that the Stewart and Binney boat built by Lawley is for the 25-foot class in New York, and unless some new boats are brought out to meet her, she will have a walk-over in ordinary New York racing weather.

It is to be hoped this class, which has made such a revolution in yacht-designing, will be kept alive, not only for experimental purposes, but also because it is a class in which Corinthians will always be in the majority. It is a good training-school for amateurs.

An effort is being made in Boston to revive the 40-footers as a racing class, on the ground that there is just as much to be learned from this class as from the 46-footers, and at much less cost. Let us hope it will prove successful. There never was any excuse for building up the 46-foot class at the expense of the 40's. No valuable knowledge was gained, the cost of building and racing was increased, and thereby a large number of enthusiastic Corinthians were debarred from competition. A boom in the 40-foot class would be acceptable, and it is auspicious that some of the progenitors of the larger class are of this opinion.

THE CANOEING SEASON THUS FAR has developed nothing of significance, and the general interest seems to be below that of last year. There is to be no race for the international cup, and it reflects somewhat on the sportsmanship of Canadian clubs that no representative is forth-coming. Ford Jones has challenged and sailed for the cup with commendable persistency the past few years, and now that he is unable to make another try at it this year, the canoe clubs over the line appear content to let the honors rest where they are. The division camp on Chimmon's Island is not popularly located. The Association ought to have a book for the registration of the annual blunders of committees on transportation and site, and insist on its perusal by newly elected officials.

SPORTSMEN WILL NOT UPHOLD the secretary of the Central Association of the Amateur Athletic Union in his present discussion with the parent body. The case may be summed up in a few words. February 18, '93, the Board of Governors of the A.A.U. passed this rule:

> "*Resolved*, That no person shall be reinstated as an amateur who becomes a professional after February 18, 1893, and applications for reinstatement by persons who became professionals before that date shall be received and acted upon only by the Board of Governors of the A.A.U."

This was one of the most salutary pieces of legislation the A.A.U. ever did, but it would have been still better if it had been retroactive absolutely, without being referable to any board.

Mr. Wilkins, the secretary of the Central Association, disputed the right of the A.A.U. Board of Governors to define an amateur in his district, and forthwith reinstated two professional baseball players in direct disobedience of the above rule.

Following this, Mr. Wilkins sent an amendment to section 3 of article 5 of the constitution of the A.A.U. to the Board for mail vote, which read:

> "But nothing in this constitution shall be construed as giving the Board of Governors of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States the power or right directly or indirectly to amend the constitution of any association of the Amateur Athletic Union, or to take from any such association any right or privilege conferred upon it by its constitution."

And which has not and will probably not be voted upon.

The whole matter is so clearly a tempest in a teapot that it seems absurd to take up good space with its recital, and I should not but for the fact that it involves the whitewashing of professionals.

MR. WILKINS DISPLAYS MUCH IGNORANCE of the A.A.U. constitution and various rulings. The Central and other associations are to the Board of Governors of the Amateur Athletic Union what the various State legislatures are to the United States Senate and House of Representatives. They are entirely for local government pure and simple, and altogether auxiliary. The question of what constitutes an amateur is, athletically speaking, a national one, and a subject for the Board of Governors of the A.A.U., and for them only, to legislate upon and guard, from New York to California, wherever there is club allegiance. The Central Association, so long as it remains a member of the Amateur Athletic Union, has no more reason to assume the right of defining an amateur in its district than the Legislature of Michigan has to pass on questions of Federal jurisprudence in that State.

THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION is clearly in the wrong, and has not enhanced itself in the opinion of sportsmen through the exploitation of its case in the Detroit *Tribune* by a writer who mistakes vituperation for argument.

So much for the case itself. Now as to the desire to whitewash professionals, which has brought about all this discussion, the Central Association cannot be too severely criticised. The spirit that has characterized the backsliding from good clean sport in the make-up of the Detroit Athletic Club baseball nine this season is vastly different from that of the club a couple of years ago. Two professional baseball players have been reinstated simply because the club wanted them, and are now playing on the nine. If Mr. Wilkins and his associates of the Central Association consider the whitewashing of professionals a proper way to serve the cause of amateur sport, the sportsmen either in his district or in the country at large do not, and they will uphold all legislation that helps on the good cause.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION of Canada has at last set about to encourage its athletes, which up to this year have had nothing but their own enthusiasm to train on. It has been decided to hold championship games every spring, open to Canadians only, and the first meeting was given last week with excellent results. The track performances were all good, considering the rain and the consequently heavy track; the field events were not so good.

H. D. Carr, who has much in him if properly developed, won the sprints as easily as Waldron did the quarter and Orton the one and two miles. George Moffatt, the ex-M.A.C., made his reappearance after several years of retirement, and won the high hurdles easily. In Carr, Waldron, and Orton, Canada has three athletes who have an equal chance with the best in America of attaining championship honors, not only in Canada, but at the national events in Chicago. Carr has never yet been in form when he met a good man, but has shown a great burst of speed; Waldron used to give Dohm harder work than any other outside of Downs, and Orton and Conneff are so nearly matched as to make a race always dependent on condition. There is plenty of material in Canada, and now that it is to be given some encouragement, we shall not see every one of the Canadian championships going to athletes from the States. The sportsmanship that for several years has continued giving meetings in the face of all these discouragements is about to reap its rewards.

E. W. GOFF, NEW JERSEY ATHLETIC CLUB, won the All-round Individual Athletic Championship of the A. A. U., June 28th, rather easily. There were five contestants, but the general performances of all save Goff were so poor as to make the contest thoroughly tiresome. Mediocrity ruled the day. There was no entry from either the New York Athletic or from any Boston or Philadelphia club, to say nothing of the Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and others within reach. It is too bad this branch of athletics should have fallen so thoroughly into desuetude, and that it has is one of the results of the obeisance to the gilded gods. Sportsmen sigh for the days when they could attend games and see their kind competing.

Goff has been known chiefly as a running broad and high jumper, nearly touching the world's record in the former. He was second last year to O'Sullivan in the all-round, and is second class compared with Malcolm Ford and A. A. Jordan. Goff's performances were; 100 yards, 11$\frac{1}{5}$ sec.; 16-lb. shot, 32 ft. 8 in.; running high jump, 6 ft. $\frac{1}{8}$ in.; half-mile walk (a ridiculous event on an all-round programme), 4 min. 18$\frac{2}{5}$ sec.; 16-lb. hammer, 78 ft. 3 in.; 120-yards hurdle, 17$\frac{3}{5}$; 56-lb. weight, 17 ft. 2 in.; pole vault, 8 ft. 11 in.; running broad jump, 21 ft. 7 in.; one-mile run, did not compete. The list of champions include—1884, M. W. Thompson; 1885, M. W. Ford; 1886, M. W. Ford; 1887, A. A. Jordan; 1888, M. W. Ford; 1889, M. W. Ford; 1890, A. A. Jordan; 1891, A. A. Jordan; 1892, M. O'Sullivan; 1893, E. W. Goff.

THE LAWN-TENNIS SEASON, which may be said to have fairly opened with the tournament at Tuxedo, was continued brilliantly at Saratoga, New York, last week, and at Seabright, New Jersey, where the contests for the State championships were decided, the title in each case being lost by the defender. At Chicago the Western singles were won by Samuel Chase over Evart Wrenn in a match that showed some good play.

The chief interest, however, was centred at Saratoga, where the first three players of the country (Hobart, Hovey, Knapp), barring the champion (O. S. Campbell), were assembled for the men's singles, while the ex-champion in women's singles, Miss Cahill, and Miss Moore were to meet for the first time since '92. The men's doubles lacked much of the equality of former years, the entries being much below those of last year, when the Hall brothers won over Hovey and Bixby and Slocum and Clark. Hovey and Hobart this year were the only strong pair, and had no difficulty in winning from Candler and Talmadge—6–0, 6–1, 6–3.

The mixed doubles, however, were the best probably ever seen in America, Miss Moore and Mr. Hovey winning from Miss Cahill and Mr. Hobart, after an exhibition of very clever team-work—6–3, 3–6, 6–3.

THERE WAS NO PARTICULARLY INTERESTING PLAY in the men's singles until Hovey beat J. F. Talmage, Jun., in the semifinal round. The court had been rather softened by the rains, and this somewhat handicapped Hovey's play, aside from which Talmage played a stronger game than he was thought capable of, and surprised every one by winning the first set. He could not keep up the pace, however, and Hovey took the remaining two easily, 4–6, 6–2, 6–0.

It was expected Hobart and Hovey would come together to decide who should meet W. Percy Knapp for the cup, and after Hobart's play at Tuxedo, and its continued brilliancy the first of the Saratoga week, his win over Hovey was quite in order. Some believed Hobart's game would be weakened by the softer turf courts, but it seemed to make no difference in his play, for his game was even more brilliant than it had been on the dirt courts at Tuxedo. His side-line shots went over the net like lightning, while his cross-court drives more often struck the line at the joining of the base and side lines, bounding away out of Hovey's reach. There was small opportunity for smashing, Hobart playing altogether from the back of the court, and placed his drives down the side-lines so beautifully that only on one occasion was Hovey afforded the satisfaction of getting in his favorite stroke. While his pace was slower than usual, Hovey scored points throughout the match on good placing, and held on in pursuit of the first set until 5–4 and vantage had been called three times, when a terrific drive from Hobart down Hovey's right court struck an unevenness in the ground, and failing to rise, clinched to the set for Hobart. The second belonged to the latter from the very beginning; in the third, when Hovey had the lead with 5–3, Hobart pulled it up to 5 all, but Hovey took on a great brace and pulled off the set. Hobart took the fourth and the match—6–4, 6–2, 5–7, 6–4. This is the fourth time this season Hobart has defeated Hovey.

HOBART MET KNAPP FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP with the prestige of two weeks of fine play, and it showed its effects by the dash of his volleying and the confidence with which he placed balls in the extreme corners of the court. Knapp played his usual game of dogged persistence, and hung on to Hobart so closely that the match was intensely interesting and more uncertain than any of the tournament. How Percy Knapp manages to play such strong games against the best men in the country, and men who are constantly at practice, is a puzzler. Knapp is rarely seen at tournaments; in fact, last year he played only at Saratoga and at Newport, and will play no oftener this year. He therefore misses the practice and drilling which tournament play gives. Yet Knapp always plays a hard game and a strong one, and makes it necessary for his opponent to show much pluck as well as skill in order to win from him. That Hobart should therefore have played with such accuracy proves that he is in magnificent form. He did not show the speed he had put on against Hovey, and Knapp by clever work took the first set handily. Hobart put on a spurt in the second, and took it as well as the third, but not until Knapp, by returning some of the hardest balls and keeping Hobart hard at work, had brought the score to 9–7. Knapp's tireless game told in the fourth set, and he took it easily, 2–6, outplaying Hobart, and doing some very pretty work. Hobart put on his irresistible pace again in the fifth, and took it and the match and championship, 3–6, 6–4, 9–7, 2–6, 6–4.

THE MATCH BETWEEN MISS CAHILL and Miss Moore was of peculiar interest, owing to the fact that the latter had been beaten by a narrow margin by the former in the championships of '92, and that they had not met since. The play throughout was brilliant, and the first set very close, the score at one time being 5 to 4 and 30 love in Miss Moore's favor. Sharp volleying saved Miss Cahill, but the struggle continued, Miss Moore doing some clever smashing down the left court of her opponent. Miss Cahill's hard drives were well handled by Miss Moore, who had the score 7–6, when, by a cut stroke dropped tidily over the net without much chance for a bound, Miss Cahill again saved herself. The next two games of that set and the second set were not so interesting. Miss Moore seemed to have spent her force, and knocked balls out of court. Miss Cahill continued strong, and she took the set easily and the match—9–7, 6–1.

A feature of the match was the backhand strokes of both players, showing the improved form of women in tennis.

THE NEW JERSEY CHAMPIONSHIP at Seabright was a marked improvement over last year, when the entries were meagre and the play tame. In fact, Richard Stevens had a practical walk-over for the cup in '92. This year the entries of V. G. and E. L. Hall, W. A. Larned, Marion Wright, A. W. Post, Dean Miller, and H. M. Billings gave promise of excellent sport, which was fulfilled before the end of the tournament. It was something of a surprise to see V. G. Hall beaten by Wright, 6–1, 11–9, the latter playing really a strong game, though the victory of Larned over E. L. Hall, 8–6, 6–2, 6–1, was expected from the latter's play thus far this season and Larned's improvement since the Tuxedo tournament. Neither of the Halls is playing in form yet, and E. L. will take a rest. Billings showed his usual excellent game, but at its best it is not good enough to stand against E. L. Hall, even out of form, and the latter won in two straight—7–5, 6–2.

Stevens played his same persistent game, remaining at the back of the court and returning some balls thought safe. The wind was bad for his game, but aside from that he could not do much with Larned, who showed the best form this season and smashed and volleyed in fine style, and finally taking the match, 6–3, 4–6, 6–3, 6–3.

In the doubles Campbell and Larned beat the Hall brothers 6–4, 8–4, 6–4. Longwood this week is the centre of attraction.

THE IRISH LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS decided in Dublin resulted in the defeat of E. Renshaw, holder of the cup, by Pim, who gave evidence of his form when in the semi-finals he beat W. Renshaw, the once invincible champion, with apparent ease. Pim's play throughout the tournament was wonderfully good; he had all his matches in hand from the first, and his strokes, back play, net play, forehand and backhand drives, were each and all object-lessons in the game. He is always on the lookout, never misses a chance to follow up the smallest advantage, and plays more with his head probably than any other of Great Britain's tennis experts. Renshaw made a good battle, though not so hard a game throughout as he has shown, and could only secure one set—the final score being 6–1, 6–2, 4–6, 6–4.

It is proverbial that Irishmen like dead courts, and perhaps for this reason they are more fortunate in their native land than elsewhere. It remains to be seen whether or not Pim will be able to repeat his triumph at Wimbledon this month. Many men in the position that W. Renshaw held for so long in the tennis world would, when they had once reached the top, have abandoned the game altogether rather than risk defeat. He is much too keen a sportsman, however, to be deterred from competing simply because he is no longer certain to win all his matches, and if he fails to regain his lost laurels it will not be for want of trying.

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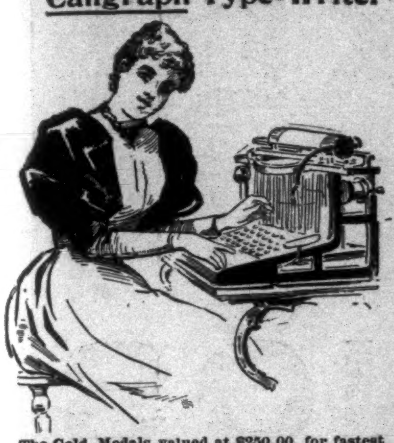

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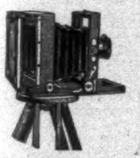

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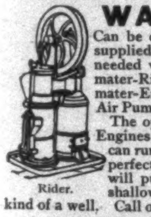

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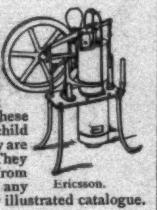

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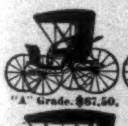

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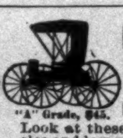

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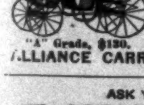

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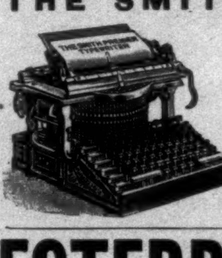

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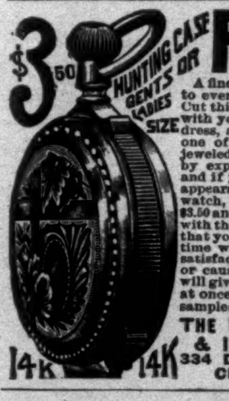

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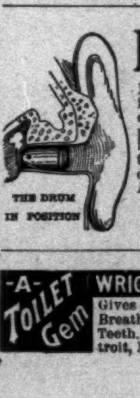

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